SEYMOUR DAILY REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME XXXIII NO. 303 SEYMOUR, INDIANA, MONDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1908. PRICE TWO CENTS

DIED.

DAMRICH:—Mrs. Anna Maria Damrich died Sunday morning at 1 o'clock at the home of her son, W. A. Laupus, on Jeffersonville avenue, aged 73 years, 8 months, 5 days. Mrs. Damrich, whose maiden name was Fickenscher, was born in Bavaria, March 17, 1835. She was married Feb. 9, 1857 to John George Laupus at Aurora. To them were born six children, two of whom are living, J. G. and Wm. A. Laupus, both of whom are well known business men here. Her husband, Mr. Laupus, died Feb. 6, 1872. In 1873 she married Martin Damrich, who died April 1, 1888. To them was born one son, Louis Damrich, who resides in Indianapolis. She was a faithful member of the St. Paul's German Evangelical church and of the ladies aid society since its organization. She had been sick about nine months. Funeral Tuesday at 2 p. m. from the St. Paul's church conducted by Rev. A. Egli. Burial at Riverview.

COUCHMAN—James Couchman, of Louisville, uncle of L. W. and Peter Richart, of this city, died at his home early this morning after an illness of some twelve months. Age about 60 years. Mr. Couchman formerly resided at North Vernon and moved to Louisville about twenty-six years ago where he was employed at driving mules on a street car line. By diligence he got a start in life and owned a considerable amount of property at the time of his death. He leaves a widow and four grown children living, one son and three daughters. Two of the children are married. There is also one grandchild living. The deceased had several friends and acquaintances in this city.

JOHNSON:—F. X. Johnson, the well known theatrical manager, died at his home in Bedford Saturday, Nov. 21, age 45 years. He was a native of Bedford and was well known in all adjoining counties. He had been manager of the Stone City opera house and originated the Airdome Circuit which included Seymour. He had numerous acquaintances in this city. His wife survives him. Funeral Tuesday forenoon at 10 o'clock.

MARLING:—Mabel Marling, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Zach Marling, died Sunday evening at eight o'clock at their home on East street after an illness of several weeks with typhoid fever. Age 14 years 11 months and 1 day. Funeral services at the residence Tuesday morning at ten o'clock. Burial at Riverview cemetery.

SHOEMAKER—Catherine Shoemaker died Sunday night at 12 o'clock at Chestnut Ridge. Her age was forty-seven years. She was the widow of the late Evan Shoemaker, of this city. Funeral from the First Methodist Church in this city Tuesday forenoon at 10 o'clock conducted by Rev. H. H. Allen.

Thanksgiving Game.

Seymour High School against North Vernon High School, at Seymour. Game called at 3 p. m. Everybody come and help Seymour in winning another victory.

Telephone News.

Several farmers in the neighborhood of the Ebenezer church have secured telephone connection with Seymour during the past few days. The expense is insignificant and at the same rate there is no reason why every prosperous farmer in ten miles of Seymour can't have direct connection with Seymour in a very short time. In some cases farmers have worked on the new lines enough to pay their rentals for the next year or two. New telephones have been going in rapidly in Seymour and vicinity during the past few months and if the good works continues at this same rate in a few more years we will begin to have telephone connections as good as any town in the state. With a reasonable rate and opportunity to get what they want progressive people everywhere will be glad to join in widening and developing the telephone service and secure the benefit of modern methods of communication.

Sunday School Reports.

	ATTENDANCE	COLLECTION
Methodist	203	2 92
Baptist	222	5 35
Presbyterian	115	1 65
German Methodist	82	1 42
Central Christian	83	1 35
Nazarene	53	4 03
St. Paul	47	1 00
Woodstock	35	99
Total	840	$18 71

There was a decided increase in the the Sunday Schools yesterday and the indications are that in a few more Sundays we will have the attendance back to 900 where it was last spring. The outlook is very encouraging.

Entertained.

Mr. and Mrs. James Gwinn entertained a number of friends Sunday evening at their home just south of the city. The ladies went out on the three o'clock car and the young men joined them in the evening. Those who responded to the invitations were Misses Olive and Hazel McHargue, Ida Critcher, Bertha Kleinmeyer, Eva Becker, Mary Lynch, Esther Elliott and Messrs. Oscar Schmitt, Logan Hall and Romento Galvohn.

Mitchell Meetings.

Rev. Harley Jackson was at home this morning between trains from Mitchell where he is conducting revival meetings at the Christian church of which Rev. M. Bennett is pastor. There have been twenty-one additions to the church during these meetings and large crowds are in attendance. The meetings will continue all this week.

Miss Jennie Smith.

The noted national railroad evangelist Miss Jennie Smith of Washinton D. C. will speak at the First M. E. church tomorrow evening at 7:30 o'clock. The public is cordially invited to attend.

Born.

To Mr. and Mrs. Peter Kirsch, of 228 South Vine street on Monday morning Nov. 23, 1908, a daughter.

Do It Today.

Why wait any longer to do your Christmas shopping? The weather is fine for shopping at present and the merchants will be glad to see their Christmas shoppers begin to come in. Of course, it is early yet and there are many who will say that there is plenty of time. This is all true enough but too, then there is the bad weather that will have to be contended with if the shopping is delayed and the crowded stores with the overworked clerks.

The merchants will advocate early shopping and so will the worldly wise. So, do it now and avoid the great Christmas rush. You will then have the first pick and be satisfied with your purchases. Read the advertisements in the REPUBLICAN and keep informed where to buy.

Officers Elected.

Seymour Div. No. 301 met in their Division Hall Nov. 22, and elected the following officers for the year 1909:

C. C.—H. Childers.
A. C. C.—H. Brown.
Sec. & T.—J. W. Cuddahee.
Sr. C.—M. Seymour.
Jr. C.—N. A. Jones.
I. S.—M. Ross.
O. S.—L. Routt.
Board of Trustees—H. Brown, J. B. Elliott, H. Childers.
Delegate to Grand Division—F. S. Gilbert.
Alternate Delegate—N. A. Jones.
Cipher Correspondent—Ford Cox.
Journal Agent—H. Childers.

Officers take their offices Jan. 1st 1909. The regular meetings are held in Masonic Hall at 2 p. m. on second and fourth Sundays of each month.

William Newson and two other parties from Bartholomew county were in this city this morning and went to Montgomery on No. 7. They will spend some time hunting in Daviess county. They went well equipped and hope to bring back good report of their experiences in the wilds of Martin County where game is said to be quite plentiful.

Mrs. Minnie Elliott and two sons, Glen and Donald, returned home Saturday evening from a four weeks' visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Hancock, at Tulsa, Okla., and with her sister, Miss Anna Hancock, at Coffeyville, Kan. She also visited other relatives at Edna Kan. and was well pleased with her trip.

Johnson Bane will give a guitar recital at Armory Hall Friday evening under the auspices of the Junior class of the High School. Mr. Bane played at the Christian church here recently and the recital was very much appreciated.

B. A. Goodale returned to Centerhill Fla, Sunday evening where he travels for the American Tobaco Co. He left his little child here with relatives and will continue for a time in his present occupation.

C. D. Billings visited his parents at Louisville Sunday. His mother has returned from Washington City where she was called by the illness of her son, W. P. Billings. She left him much better.

M. S. Blish has returned from Washington City where he and three other Indiana millers went as a committee to represent the interests of the millers before the Agricultural Department.

C. A. Courtney, traveling passenger agent for the M. K. & T., and his wife passed through the city this morning en route to their home at Indianapolis after visiting relatives in Martin county.

GIVE the boys something practical, such as a box of carpenter's tools, a soldering set, or a drawing outfit, instead of guns, drums and toy pistols. Teach creative not destructive force.

Cranberries and new mince meat at the Model.

n20&23d

Phineas George, of Waymansville, was in this city Sunday afternoon.

Charles Fox, of Redding township, was in the city this morning.

Harmony Hall,

The New Music Store.

Displaying a full line of Musical Instruments, Pianos, String Instruments, Phonographs, Records, Sheet Music, Post Cards, Albums, Burnt Wood, Art Novelties, Solid and Hammered Brass, Arts and Crafts Ware, Arts and Crafts Jewelry, Pompeian Ware, Stationery and all kinds of Musical Supplies. Call and see the handsome line of Hand Painted China on display. Have you seen "The Flyers." Call and let us tell you about it.

Weithoff & Kernan,

Cor. St. Louis Ave. and Chestnut St.

Grants $15,000 Loan.

Gov. J. Frank Hanly has granted the request of the Board of Trustees of the Indiana Reformatory for a temporary loan of $15,000 from the emergency fund of the State, to be used in repairing the damage done by the fire one week ago. This amount will be repaid when the Legislature meets and makes an appropriation for the Reformatory to cover the loss.

A great number of the inmates of the Reformatory, who were left without employment as a result of the blaze, have been at work for days clearing up the wreckage, and a vast improvement in the conditions have resulted. Now that the fund from the State will be available shortly, practically all of them will be given employment in rebuilding.

The Wheat Outlook.

While the wheat crop in Southern Indiana, which on account of the drought, during the summer was sown late and planted in the dust, has come up in a manner that is suprising to the farmer, it is said that unless there is rain followed by continued mild weather during tee remainder of the fall, the crop will be decidedly short. There is so little moisture in the ground that the plants are not thrifty, and unless they gain strength before the winter freezes com they probably perish during the winter. On account of the unfavorable conditions at wheat sowing time the acreage sown is remarkably small and with a short crop on this small acreage there would be practially a wheat famine.

Homes Desired For Children.

The agents of the Board of State Charities have in the past year been very successful in securing a large number of good homes for dependent children who are public wards. There are still a large number of desirable children available for placing in suitable homes. Doubtless there are many families that would make a home for a child. An important part of the Board's work is to bring the homeless child and the childless home together. The Board solicits the co-operation of all who are interested in securing proper homes in families for children. For further information address the Board of State Charities, State House, Indianapolis, Ind.

Taming The Lion.

Chas. Hawkins, who arrived in town on Friday noon, from the mountains, brought word that C. H. Rutherford, who is now there, had killed a mountain lion, the measurements of which are nine feet four inches from tip to tip. The animal was shot as it sprang from a cliff, and as Mr. Rutherford is an excellent shot the lion was dead when it struck the ground. Two shots were fired, both striking a vital point The condition of Mr. Rutherford was not reported.—Jerome (Ariz.) Mining News. Mr. Rutherford will be remembered by numerous friends in Seymour. He practiced law here before going to Arizona.

Revision of The Tariff.

We keep all grades of coal and sell at the lowest bottom price. Baled timothy hay, clover hay, baled straw, mixed feed, cracked corn, ground meal, bread meal, oats, wheat for chicken feed, in fact everything in the feed line delivered to any part of the city on short notice.

n24d G. H. ANDERSON

Attention Woodmen.

All members are to attend the regular meeting Wednesday night when final arrangements will be made for the initiation of a large class Thanksgiving night.

W. H. LEMP, C.
n25d GEO. F. MEYER, Clerk.

Circuit Court.

The Scott circuit court adjourned at Scottsburg Saturday and the November term of the Jackson circuit court convened at Brownstown this morning.

Dreamland Tonight.

"The Wayward Daughter" and "The Bully," Latest Illustrated Song, "When the golden grain is waving Mary Dear".

Baggagemaster Carl Hodapp, of the B. & O. S-W., spent Sunday evening at Medora and returned here at nine o'clock this morning.

Chester Tobrocke, of Waymansville, was the guests Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Ackerman and family Sunday.

All barber shops will be closed Thanksgiving day. n25d

Turkeys stuffed, sealshipt oysters at the Model.

Sprenger's barber shop is the best

Thanksgiving Proclamation.

The absence of the growth and bloom of spring, the fading glow of summer, the ripened fields of grain, the departing glory of woodland and meadow, the veiled skies of autumn and the chill of lengthening nights, all remind us of the approaching end of another year, and recall to our minds a custom old as the commonwealth in which we live, and sacred as the memory of the men who founded it. In deference to this custom, and in conformity with the proclamation of the President of the United States, in humble recognition and grateful acknowledgement let us observe the 26th day of November, 1908, as one of praise and thanksgiving.

The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord. He has shown us His ways; He has led us into the knowledge of His truth, and taught us the value of integrity and uprightness. We have not always understood Him; our ways have not always been His ways. But we are finite; He is infinite.

We see but dimly, and often mistake time and place; He sees clearly never moves hastily, and His purposes do not fail—His counsels stand forever. Let us trust Him as our fathers trusted Him; let us depart from evil, and do good.

Given under my hand and seal of the city of Seymour, Ind., this, the twenty-third day of November, 1908.

HENRY R. KYTE, Mayor.

Indiana Talent.

The Saturday Evening Post would be in hard lines these days if Indiana did not come to the rescue. The Thanksgiving issue, which is announced as an exceptionally good number, shows Indiana artists, authors and poets in the front rank. The first story in the current issue is illustrated by George Brehm, a young Hoosier who lately left Indiana and hung up his shingle in New York. The next story is illustrated by John T. McCutcheon, cartoonist of the Chicago Tribune and an Indiana product. Another story has the illustrations of Fred C. Yohn, for several years one of the leading Hoosier artists. The leading serial story in the magazine is written by David Graham Phillips, formerly of Madison, and the hero of the story is reputed to be an Indiana politician. The best poetry in the Post this week is written by Wilbur D. Nesbit, a young newspaper man who hails from the Shelbyville neighborhood.

Praise Service.

The praise services at the First Baptist church Sunday evening given by the choir under the direction of Prof. H. C. Gast was largely attended. It was indeed an enjoyable and helpful service and the choir and Prof. Gast deserve much credit. Aside from the numbers rendered by the choir and Prof. Gast and H. G. Stratton, Miss Hannah Mills gave a beautiful solo accompanied by Mrs. Price Matlock on the piano and Arthur French on the flute. The sermonette by the pastor F. M. Huckleberry was excellent and in keeping with the rest of the program.

Thanksgiving Service.

The Union Thanksgiving service will be held at the Central Christian Church at 10 o'clock Thursday forenoon. The sermon will be preached by Rev. H. H. Allen, pastor of the First Methodist Church. The public is cordially invited to attend.

Great Violinist to Play Here

Ludwig Becker violinist of Chicago, has been secured by the Progressive Music Club for their annual artist recital, Dec. 1, at the Majestic Theatre The The odoer Thomas Orchestra has many eliment soloists within its ranks several of whom have played in Indianapolis in the Peoples concerts and now with Ludwig Becker who was soloist with the orchestra last spring at the concert in Caleb Mills Hall. Becker's playing was so throughly enjoyed in every respect, he played with so much fire and was so well liked that he was engaged for the second of the People's concert to be given next Monday night Nov. 30, the night before he is to be in Seymour. On account of this engagement the Progressive Musicale Club was able to secure Mr. Becker and the music loving public of Seymour are very fortunate in being able to hear a great violinist at home.

Nimrods Return.

The party of hunters and fishers who left here ten days ago and floated down White river aboard the Thomas R. Marshall went as far as Brownstown and returned this morning. They returned by rail, having sent their boat overland by wagon. They say that the hunting and fishing was not the best ever, but that the outing was a most enjoyable one and that they caught all the fish and killed all the game needful for their sustenance with a considerable quantity to spare.—Columbus Republican.

Trust Busters Coming.

There is something real good coming to our City Saturday night. The jolliest, funniest, most laughable comedy ever written The Trust Busters. It is funnier than a circus, and that is what other people say who have seen it, because it is full of happy moments. Something doing all the time from rise of curtain to finish. The best comedians, the greatest dancers, sweet singers, newest novelties, noisy specialties can be seen in The Trust Busters.

They Make You Believe Because They Prove All They Claim.

There is no room for doubt when so many people of good standing are anxious to tell their friends of the great good received from the use of Root Juice. At this point many have been cured or greatly benefitted of rheumatism, catarrh, indigestion, female weakness or some liver, kidney or stomach trouble, no wonder one friend is often heard advising another to try Root Juice. If you bloat and belch: if food lays heavy on the stomach and pains, if what you eat does not give you strength, if you have swimming of the head, if you are nervous and your entire system is run down, if your entire system is run down, if you are restless at night and feel as tired in the morning as you did when you went to bed, be governed by the experience of others and go to the drug store, get a bottle of Root Juice and take it exactly according to directions. We predict that before you have used one bottle you will be advising your sick friends to get some of this wonderful medicine, for Root Juice always proves all that is claimed for it. One dollar a bottle or three bottles for two dollars and a half at W. F. Peter's drug store.

Richart

For Shoes and Rubbers

We carry the best line of medium priced Shoes you can find on the market. We have them in all leathers for ladies, men, girls and boys. We have just received a nice line of Low Heel Shoes for big girls, both in button and lace. Just the shoe for school wear. There is no doubt that our stock of Rubber Goods is the most complete in the city.

Yours For Shoes

RICHART

Opposite Interurban Station

Majestic Theatre

Saturday, Nov. 28

Bring around your Trust, Ikey & Mickey will Bust it. Come and Enjoy a Continuous Laugh with

"The Trust Busters"

And Their Associate Fun Makers

A Big Company of COMEDIANS, COMEDIENNES, SINGERS and DANCERS.

Hear the Recently Born Songs. See the Pretty Costumes, Girls and Scenery.

Prices: 25, 35, 50 and 75 cents. Seats on sale at Miller's Book Store.

SEYMOUR DAILY REPUBLICAN

SMITH & REMY, Publishers.

SEYMOUR INDIANA

FASHION WORLD.

Among the new gowns of recent importation are some black lace gowns, conspicuous not only for the glorious coloring of the materials under them, but for the artistic combination of modes, such as Japanese and Grecian, in company with the newer version of the directoire. This latter is introduced in the long, clinging tunic skirt, while the oriental tendency confines itself to the bodice. A gorgeous costume of that kind, seen recently at a fashionable function, was if filet net trimmed with matching bands mounted over cerise chiffon taffeta. Black silk drop ornaments dangled from every available point and huge ornaments of the same construction trimmed the front of the bodice. The sleeves were extremely long and without fullness at the top, the net being shirred over the foundation in mousquetaire effect and closed with small crochet buttons, put on at less than a quarter of an inch apart. The general effect of the costume was rich without offending the eye by extravagance.

Sleeveless lace coats are worn a great deal at present over evening gowns. They are of as many st-les and types as the numerous webs and long range of shapes permit. One of the handsome models shown the other day at a fashionable function had a robe of corn-colored crepe de chine inset with lace. A three-quarter length sleeveless coat of cream-colored filet darned with yellow silk completed the rich creation. The separate coat has reached the height of its popularity, and it is being fashioned of many unusual materials. Taffeta and supple satin are equally popular. Batiste, for the first time in the history of the fabric, is making up coats to be worn with silks and voiles. Black velvet and black satin is used lightly on a majority of the batiste models and upon some of the fancier models of pompadour silk. Irish lace also is sometimes sparingly used, but the plainer coats are in better taste, their effectiveness being left to their lines and their artistic colorings.

Women, especially young women, who like to dress becomingly and yet be in style, will be glad to hear that the jumper in a modified form, will be fashionable again this season. It is apparent from some of the French models recently imported and is prettier than ever in its present form. It is attached to the skirt of the three-piece suit. The waist line is moved up 3 inches from the normal, the skirt is cut on a close circular in two to four gores, and the straight line down front and back is emphasized by two bands of wide embroidery or braid, and is made with wide shoulder pieces, usually covered with three shaped flounces, and has a 3-inch cap following a pear-shaped armhole.

This arrangement is worn over an elaborate guimpe of Turkish, Irish or filet lace run with silver or gold thread. When the color of the material will permit, filet net is used instead of lace, and is heavily darned in and out with Persian colored floss. In either case the sleeves extend down to the knuckles and fit the arm closely. They fasten from elbow to wrist with any fancy little buttons that can be picked up. Over this frock goes a coat in the directoire style, loose enough not to crush the gown, but slender enough to be graceful and fashionable.

A handsome model of that kind was of gray green liberty broadcloth with a clinging high-waisted skirt with two rows of wide black silk braid down the center back and around the hem. The jumper, which was only a small affair, was attached to the skirt just below the bust and went over the shoulders in wide bretelle shape with cap sleeves. It was edged with wide silk and finished at the back with a flat bow and a green enameled buckle. The coat for this suit was long, quite flat and straight in its lines, and was cut into a deep-pointed scallop at center, back and front, and at each side. It came to within twenty inches of the ground. Braid was also used on the coat, running in two straight lines from shoulder to hem. The collar was a wide turnover one cut to triple points and made of black satin. There were no cuffs and the long sleeves were shaped to points over the hands and edged with black braid.

In the trousseau prepared for Miss Hozier, who was married to Winston Churchill a short time ago, Empire modes and Directoire lines were about evenly divided. An empiree tea gown was fashioned of white silk voile over white satin, beauty of line and costly simplicity making the gown beautiful. A white ninon desoie reception gown of the directoire type was also made over white satin and was absolutely devoid of decoration. A black satin evening gown was also without decoration and depended solely on beeauty of material and grace of line for its becomingness. The trousseau included three handsome evening cloaks, all of empire style, with modified kimono sleeves. One was of white broadcloth, a second of pink ninon and the third of green ninon, all of them embroidered and trimmed with lace. The wedding dress was of white satin trimmed with lace and had a beautifully embroidered court train.

Although big hats will continue in favor during the coming season, smaller hats and toques will also be worn and there will be ample opportunity for every woman to find a handsome head cover suiting her figure and style. The small hats are, with few exceptions, high as to crown. In most instances the crowns are large, being either round, square or many-sided. The brims of the small hats take various shapes and turns. Some of them make a very wide turn on one side and run rapidly to almost nothing on the front and opposite side, with a brim at the back, which follows its own will. Most of the piquancy that rests in the small hats is caused by these rather freaky lines in the brims. By these freaky modifications of the brim they can be made becoming for practically every style of head.

The turbans shown this fall are mostly large, but unusually handsome. Some of them have large crowds and scarcely noticeable brims. These hats are made with enormous head sizes and come well down on the hair. To some this is becoming, while others find it trying. Never was there a greater variety in the materials used for covering the hats than just now, and it may be said that scarcely any material can be considered entirely unsuitable for the purpose. The favorite materials will be heavy silks, corded or repped, or the rough pongee silks prepared for winter wear. All the velvets are in favor of course, as they ever have been. Uncut velvet, in particular, will be popular in millinery purposes this winter.

The felt hats are usually varied in form, color and texture this year and more attractive than ever. They come in every desirable color and the texture is uncommonly fine. There are smooth felts that are like satin and there are beautiful fur-felts, more effective, however, in large hats, than in the small ones. Little trimming, and that of a heavy sort, is used on these large fur-felts. One very short, very heavy ostrich plume is happily chosen as the sole ornament in many cases. Wings are not much used with the rough variety of felt.

Among the models exhibited in one of the fashionable shops were a number of pretty toques of guinea hen feathers. They are designed for older women who do not wish to appear in the extreme shapes of hats of the present fashion. The shape is very attractive, rather oblong, and nestling down on the head. The wings are arranged upward and rather ruffled out at the ends, as if the guinea hen had its plumage ruffled by a gust of wind. This gives the hat a pert, stylish look that is even becoming to a face under white hair.

One-button gloves are worn with the very long transparent tulle sleeves so fashionable this season, if the wearer is particular as to the nicety of each detail, for the edge of the glove must not be seen through the tulle above the ruche that hems it. Even with linen and white flannel or serge gowns this tulle must be observed.

Velvet empire belts will be worn a great deal this winter with all kinds of indoor gowns. The smart women in Paris have been wearing them for some time and the fashion will undoubtedly be taken up here. These belts are about 4 inches wide, of velvet, and not folded, but left quite plain. It may be of ribbon or of shaped velvet in the piece. It is put around the figure just below the bust and simply hooked at the back or front under a flap.

MOSQUITO RIDDEN MOOSE.

Often Takes Chances with Hunter Rather Than with Little Pest.

It is not often that the harmful and apparently unnecessary mosquito lends any assistance to man, but there are times in Canada when the little stinging torment does help the hunter.

Roderick McFarlane, retired chief factor of the Hudson's Bay company, writes that: "During summer, when the weather is warm and mosquitoes very troublesome, moose resort for protection to the shores of lakes and streams, and while standing in the water they sometimes seem quite indifferent to the near presense of man and will then retire only after being repeatedly fired at. I myself had proof of this on one occasion when ascending the Anderson river.

"There were five or six in the party when we observed three full grown moose in the water. As they were not in good condition we did not care to kill them, but in order to test the truth of this peculiarity I made the Indians fire a number of shots very close to them, but to no purpose. In fact we had to scream and yell at them before they got out and stalked away at a very leisurely pace."—London Standard.

The Parrot Told.

The late George Winthrop Sands passed last winter at St. Moritz. This robust and handsome youth, with his modest and pleasant air, was a great favorite with the distinguished band of curlers, bobsleighers and skiers who frequent the sunny, snow-covered village of the Engadine.

There was a ball Christmas night at the Kulm hotel, and Mr. Sands, who entertained George Cornwallis-West at his table during the ball supper, told, as a bottle of champagne was being opened, a parrot story.

"I once had a parrot," he said. "It was a gray African bird, an excellent talker. I went away for a month with my family, and, of course, the parrot remained behind with my servants.

"Well, on my return I found that the parrot had learned a new speech. Every evening, at intervals of fifteen minutes or so, it would repeat:

"'Ha, ha, ha! Let's have another bottle. There's no one here to know. Plop! Gurgle - gurgle - gurgle!'"—Washingtin Star.

Dangerous Work with a Zebus.

One of the female zebus in the Central Park menagerie in New York got a pine wood sliver in the corner of her left eye the other day while rubbing her nose over the boards. The eye swelled until it closed. Director Smith ordered Head Keeper Snyder and Keeper Phil Holmes to catch the zebu yesterday to see what had closed the eye. The bull zebu, who is pugnacious, started on the run for the men as soon as they entered the enclosure. Holmes made quick time over the fence into the next paddock, and Snyder ran into the shelter house with the bull a close second. He just had time to sprint through the rear door and close it. Holmes got back into the zebu yard and closed the front door on the bull. The men succeeded in catching the female after the head keeper had got on the side of the damaged eye. Having roped and secured her to a stanchion, Snyder examined the swollen eye and discovered the point of the sliver. He drew it out with forceps, much to the patient's relief.

To Bar Consumptives.

Rev. Herbert S. Johnson, pastor of the Warren Avenue Baptist church, Boston, anonunced at the service the other night that he never again would marry a consumptive, and that he would at the next district meeting ask the church authorities to prohibit a marriage where one of the parties was a consumptive.

"I am taking that step," he said, "because I do not want to stand before my God as a murderer. The marriage of an uninfected person with one suffering from the great white plague means that both inevitably will have the disease."

Dr. Johnson said that he had given the matter great thought and that he considered it time for the church to take a stand for life and mortality under such conditions. "Laws and legal devices admittedly are unable to cope with this condition; therefore the church must meet it and conquer it," he said.

Mr. Johnson also said that he would not marry any man whose income is less than $12 a week.

Beyond Help.

Martha, endeavoring to instruct a would-be housekeeper in the mysteries of pudding making, was overheard:

"Yer jes' takes some bread en'—"

"How much bread, Martha?"

"Oh, jes' what year needs, Miss Min, en den yer puts yo' milk on it"—

"And how much milk, Martha?"

"Well, yer mus' use yer jedgment 'bout dat, Miss Min."

"But I haven't any judgment, Martha."

"Well, de Lord help yer, Miss Min, 'cause I can't."—Toledo Blade.

The Coming Craze.

From what I hear, one of the coming social crazes is likely to be vegetarianism. For some time past people have become more and more sparing in what they drink, till at last a good strong brew of barley water is about all one needs when giving an up-to-date luncheon party! This self-denying ordinance in the matter of wine is now spreading to meats.—Gentlewoman.

AT THE DOOR OF A HEART.

To you, who, in all certainty,
Will here inhabit after me,
I leave this certain word, no more,
To bid you welcome at this door
To your least hand-touch swinging free.

Long since I entered here, as one
Enters in darkness and alone
A house deserted, barred and chill;
I but a transient tenant, still
'Twas my hand gave it to the sun.

I lighted it with cheer, I brought
The best of mirth and hope and thought
To make it beautiful. Be true
To this fair home I leave to you,
Seeing 'twas but for you I wrought.

Ah, here a gentle mistress be
Nor close this wide door utterly
On those who stand without and bring
Their sorrow to this sheltering,
Since in your hands must rest the key.

And some day if a word should wake
Thought of one tenant passed, but make
A sister prayer for her, and say,
"Though in this heart she dwelt one day
She left it lovelier for Love's sake."

—Theodosia Garrison in Smart Set.

A SOCIETY BOMB.

"Good-bye, good-bye, dear Mrs. Munroe, so sorry I cannot know you in London."

The boat express glided out of the Paris station, and Mrs. Munroe, as one petrified, stood on the platform.

"Not know me in London! How dare you, Lady Silchester; how dare you? If I have tripped and got my name besmirched, you at least are no better than I, though society accepts you while I—Lord Alistair almost lives in Silchester house. Not know me in London! Some words cut deep, but trust a woman to outwit a woman."

She laughed out loud, forgetful of her surroundings. Not till an official suggested that the station must be cleared did she seek the automobile in which she and Lady Silchester had a few minutes before been chatting and smiling as trusted friends.

In the next day's express Mrs. Munroe was seated. She, too, was going to London.

Leaving her luggage and her maid at the Grosvenor hotel, she drove to The Albany, in a quiet nook of which Lord Alistair Bruce's rooms were secluded from noise and traffic. She rang the bell as she had often rung it before, but not for many months.

"Ah, madame, quel plaisir!"

It was a welcome and a recognition that marked for success.

"Lord Alistair," she inquired.

"He is, alas, not to the house, chere madame, nevaire, nevaire at this hour.

She knew that as well as did the servant.

"How unfortunate! My business is so important, and I am so tired," she murmured, as if talking to herself.

"Entrez, madame; entrez and rest awhile. Will madame perhaps like a cup of tea?"

"Indeed I should, for I have just arrived from Paris."

"Ah!"

He opened the door of a room where bric-a-brac and flowers prevailed in effeminate luxury.

"One of your good cups of tea, Matthieu, and don't hurry; I will rest a little."

The man bowed and left her, closing the door softly, but rest did not follow. With feverish hurry she turned to Lord Altstair's writing bureau, opened a little drawer, where she found a very small key.

Well did she know the lock that that key fitted.

"They should be here. Here it was that mine were always kept Exactly the same identical blue ribbon. What a large packet! No fear about being compromised; even I was less plucky. Beatrice Silchester, 'your loving Bee.' Ha, ha!"

The door opened. Matthieu had brought the tea.

Mrs. Munroe was reclining in an arm chair, her eyes half closed. The letters were in her pocket.

Matthieu looked at her, wondering why she had come, but had no suspicion. Ten minutes later she rang the bell.

"I will not wait any longer, Matthieu; I am too tired."

She put a sovereign in the man's hand as she passed out of the door.

Two nights later there was a fashionable gathering at Silchester house. Mrs. Munroe was among the guests.

"Sorry I cannot know you in London" had apparently been forgotten at the will of a magnate that knows neither prejudice nor prudery—bridge.

Mrs. Munroe was one of the best bridge-players of the set. Lady Silchester had thus been forced to invite her, but she was more annoyed than she generally allowed herself to be.

"Why has the woman come to London?" she repeatedly asked herself. "She never hinted in Paris that she was likely to come. If only Alistair does not put in an appearance."

Lord Alistair Bruce was announced.

There was a question on every face as —even bridge forgotten—the assembled fashionables looked at each other.

A society bomb had fallen. Everyone remembered the storyette about Mrs. Munroe and Lord Alistair. A storyette scandal and stirred with its exaggerating finger—remembered, and looked for the issue.

Lady Silchester was visibly discomfited, but Mrs. Munroe's face was radiant and her eyes twinkled.

Lord Alistair, having been greeted by his hostess, nodded to several acquaintances, and finally shook hands with Mrs. Munroe without the slightest symptom of annoyance or confusion. He certainly did not look as if the present notice oppressed him, yet even Sir Henry Silchester, man of the world though he was, was mentally cursing himself for having prevailed on his wife for bridge considerations to invite the much-talked-of Mrs. Munroe.

The bridge sets broke up quickly as though everyone had had enough of the game. Mrs. Munroe, who had been Sir Henry Silchester's partner, sprang up from the table and making a sweeping curtsey to her host, said.

"I congratulate you, Sir Henry—congratulate you and myself."

Mrs. Munroe had waited till this moment to make the point for the making of which she had come to Silchester house.

From a pocket she had insisted that her reluctant maid should make in her lovely frock she produced the letters that she had stolen from Lord Alistair's bureau and tossed them on the table to Sir Henry.

"There," she said, "there are your wife's letters to Alistair Bruce. She cannot know me in London, she says; why should society know her?"

The words rang out clear, and then there was silence.

Everyone looked astounded. Only on Sir Henry's face there was an incomprehensible smile.

The whip which should have been laid across her shoulders was in readiness.

A fair young girl, the daughter of the house, came up and snatched the letters out of her father's hands.

"Mine—my letters," she cried. "Oh, Alistair, why did you let this woman have my letters?"

A murmured "Brava!" breathed through the little crowd of fashionable listeners, too cynical as most of them were to believe that pretty Bee Silchester's assertion was really the truth.

That she was merely shielding her mother was the unbelievers' belief.

Even when two days later the society papers announced the engagement of Sir Henry Silchester's only daughter to Lord Alistair Bruce there were those who predicted that although the whole play was well got up, the last act would fall through and that they would not have given Sir Henry credit for being such a gullible fool.

Sir Henry was no fool. He had known for weeks past that this marriage would ere long be announced, but he kept his own counsel and let people talk at random as he was quite aware that they did.

Of course, Mrs. Munroe was ostracised. It had been done ruthlessly and at once. Lord Alistair, taken up with pretty Bee and her vexation about the letters, had paid no attention to her, and all the other guests, headed by Lady Silchester, had departed into the supper room, leaving her once more alone at the bridge table.

It remained for Sir Henry to be true to his instincts. He offered her his arm.

"Allow me to conduct you to your carriage."—Jean Middlemass in the Tatler.

ALL HEARTY EATERS.

Peasants of Asia Minor Live on Bread and Coffee.

Famines and death from starvation are unknown in Asia Minor, reports Consul General Harris of Smyrna. The natives there usually take three meals a day, the evening meal alone consisting of cooked food. No drink is taken with the food except water, and in the country one rarely comes across any kind of wine or spirits, the use of both being prohibited by the Mohammedan law. The average workman consumes about three pounds of bread in a day. The peasants drink considerable coffee, which takes the place of spirits among them. The native working classes, says Mr. Harris, are a hardy, sober set of men and capable of great endurance.

The Fellaheens, the agriculturists of Palestine, are very hearty eaters, reports Consul Wallace of Jerusalem, who adds that these people, men and women alike, have great endurance and are able to withstand long abstinence, privations, forced marches, etc. Bread is their principal diet, and flesh is only eaten at weddings and festivals.

Mansfield's Rebuke.

A group of theatrical men were talking in New York about the late Richard Mansfield.

"Mr. Mansfield," said one, "was a delightful humorist, a splendid raconteur in society, but, at the same time, he had a certain proper and becoming sense of his own dignity, and it never paid to be unduly familiar with him.

"He was, as we all know, rather bald. He resented, from barbers or friends, any allusion to his baldness.

"Well, one night at a party a man came up behind this great artist, staggered him with a violent slap on the back, and exclaimed in a loud, jovial, familiar voice:

"Hello, Dick! How are you? Every time I see you you get balder and balder.'

"Mansfield drew himself up.

"'I don't know who you are,' he said, 'but every time I see you you get ruder and ruder.'"—New York Tribune.

More Men Teachers Needed.

President Eliot of Harvard does not agree with President G. Stanley Hall of Clark university that the public schools are in danger of being feminized unless more men teachers are secured.

"More men teachers are needed," President Eliot said when asked if Dr. Hall was right in that statement, but not for that reason."

Dr. Eliot believes that the presence of so many young women teachers in the public schools is partly responsible for the fact that public school teachers are not as well paid as teachers in other institutions of public education.

Dr. Eliot believes that the substitution of men for women teachers would tend to increase the range of salaries and raise the standard of efficiency.

The Name of the Jungfrau.

Whence does the Jungfrau derive its name? M. Hartman of Interlaken contributes the results of his researches on this subject to the Feuilles d'Histoire Bernoise. There was, it appears, in the Fifteenth century a nunnery at Interlaken. The nuns owned what is now the Wengern Alp, and was then denominated, out of compliment to its proprietors, the "Jungfrauenberg," or "Mountain of the Young Women." When a name was wanted for the snow-peak opposite, the Jungfrauenberg naturally supplied it. It was called the Jungfauhorn—an appellation which, in the course of the years, was abbreviated into Jungfrau.—Westminster Gazette.

Sheep Have to Work.

In the northern part of India sheep are put to a use unthought of in European or American countries. They are made to serve as beasts of burden, because they are more sure-footed than larger beasts, and the mountain paths along the foothills of the Himalayas are steep and difficult. The load for each sheep is from 16 to 20 pounds. The sheep are driven from village to village, with the wool still growing, and in each town the farmer shears as much wool as he can sell there and loads the sheep with the grain which he receives in exchange. After his flock has been sheared he turns it homeward.—Portland Press.

The Hurry Fad.

"Mr. Cleveland," said a Princeton lecturer, "had little sympathy with the rush and hurry that the American business man so complacently affects—no sympathy with train and boat dictation, with the lunch table telephone, the letter phonograph and the other bluffs.

"'Don't rush so,' Mr. Cleveland once said to me. 'Lightning might do a great deal more if it wasn't always in such an awful hurry.'"

Maine Potato Train.

What is believed to be the record potato train ever handled in the east was pulled into Northern Maine junction last Saturday. The train was made up of seventy-five cars of potatoes picked up at different points on the Bangor and Aroostook. The train contained 38,000 bushels, worth from $28,000 to $30,000. —Kennebec Journal.

BARRENS OF KENTUCKY

HOW NAME OF RICH COUNTRY ORIGINATED.

Strange Land Full of Sink Holes and Caves, but Rich in Fertility.

For the first time in perhaps a quarter of a century there will not be more than a half crop of corn raised in that portion of Barren county known as the "Barrens," so say reports from many who have recently had occasion to visit that section.

To many who are familiar with that section this will come in the nature of a surprise, as that part of the county has been relied on to furnish corn for the balance of the county when drought made it impossible to raise corn on upland.

That portion of the county known as the "Barrens" has had an uninterrupted series of good crops and the people had come to regard the land even better and more sure of corn crop than river bottom, better because more accessible and more desirable for homes than near a large stream, and not subject to overflows as is low lands; then too, this land has been as certain to produce for the length of time stated above as river bottom.

The "Barrens," of which so little is known and which are so highly prized for agricultural purposes, begins near Bowling Green, Ky., and extends through Warren, Barren, Hart and into Hardin county, almost parallel with the Louisville & Nashville railroad track, the length being something like fifty miles. The width varies from one to ten miles. When this country was first settled this land was not taken up, being considered worthless from the fact that at the time no trees and very little vegetation grew on the land, besides there was no water. This is how it came to be called the "Barrens." The settlers were unanimous in the belief that if the land would not grow vegetation it was unfit for cultivation.

Traditions tell that one man who had settled near this "barren" country, at what is now known as Bearwallow, traded 125 acres of this land to a neighbor for an old buck sheep. This gives some little idea how the land was valued. It is claimed that the records in an adjoining county will show this transaction.

No definite conclusion or explanation has ever been given of this strange land. Several years ago workmen found the trunk of a tree twenty feet below the surface of the ground. It was never known to what variety the tree found belonged.

At present this former "barren" land is the finest farming land in this section and is not equalled by the justly famed Bluegrass section. Near Munfordville, in the "Barrens" referred to, is a hole in the earth of funnel shape. It is about 75 feet in diameter at the top, but gradually decreases to about 12 feet, and is supposed to be bottomless. Visitors have thrown hundreds of cartloads of rocks into this place, but the bottom seems never to have been reached. Many attempts have been made with ropes, wire and other things to find the bottom, but all to no avail.

In addition to the above there are many "sink holes," small caves, etc.; in fact the portion which lies in Barren county is known to be underlaid with caverns and underground passages. Horse cave, Mammoth cave and Colossal cavern all lead out under this section.

This land now when sold, which is seldom, brings all the way from $50 to $150 per acre, and to say "I own a 'Barren' farm and am out of debt" means that the speaker is in easy circumstances, usually what is termed rich in this section.

It is no wonder that a report of a half crop of corn in that section is surprising to those conversant with the country.

Canny Advice.

Upton Sinclair at a dinner at Lake Placid spoke scornfully of a very popular novelist.

"He writes for that exceedingly large class," said Mr. Sinclair, "namely, elderly and ugly women who have an affection, naturally unrequited, for young and handsome men. All his heroines verge on forty They all love in vain Apollos of twenty-four or twenty-five. And if you'll notice his readers you'll find they are nearly always ugly spinsters of forty or fifty.

"Oh, he's canny," said Mr. Sinclair, with a laugh. "He reminds me of old Reverdy Scarlett of my native Baltimore.

"Reverdy, in return for a favor of some kind, set out one day to give a young Baltimore business men some good advice.

"'Young man,' he began, 'have you got any cash?'

"'Yes, sir,' was the reply.

"'And have you got any credit?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Humph,' said Reverdy, and he blew a cloud of smoke into the air. 'Well, my boy, I'll just give you this counsel. Use your credit up first. Your cash is good at any time.'"—Washington Star.

And the Prayer Was Answered.

Little Dorothy, at the age of 6, was very thoughtless regarding the care of her clothes and the many admonitions she had received about neatly arranging her clothes on a chair each night before retiring were daily forgotten.

One night just as she was ready for bed, her mother came in, and finding the little garments in a heap on the floor, as usual, said, "Dorothy, you may say your prayers and then mother will have to punish you for not minding her about your clothes." Having said this she stepped into the adjoining room and partially closed the door.

In a few moments she heard Dorothy, who was a firm believer in the power of prayer, repeat, "Now I lay me," and after the "amen" she heard this appeal: "And, dear Lord, if ever you wanted to help a little kid, now's your chance.'—The Delineator.

Mock Snail.

The "mock snail" is a new specimen which will have to be added to the collection of strange things served by restaurant keepers. The edible sail is disappearing from the vineyards and gardens of Burgundy, where formerly it existed in countless thousands. The scarcity and consequent dearness of the escargot has caused some unscrupulous proprietors of restaurants in Paris to invent the mock snail. It is made out of veal. All that is required is a quantity of empty snail shells and veal fat. The fat is cleverly cut into spirals and worked into a shell. The disappearance of the real snail is taken so seriously in France that the county council of the Cote d'Or has suggested that a law should be passed giving the escargot a close season, from April 15 to July 15, in each year.

A Nomadic Piece of Land.

As I said, Cape Cod itself is sand, and like everything of a desert nature is nomadic. Like the Arab, it is always silently stealing away, so that the appearance of the peninsula constantly changes. The prevailing winds in the winter being from the north, the sand is blown south; in summer it is blown t'other way, but the winter winds being stronger, the land is gradually working south. Monomoy at the lower end used to be an island, its extremity being called Cape Malabar, a name not used now. Why, I cannot say. This island of Monomoy is rapidly growing toward Nantucket, it having advanced some five miles in the last fifty years. One of the Rubes told me that his father used to fish where the light is now. Of course you can always strain Rube talk and pick out about 50 per cent. sediment, but the old charts show that the point is working south fast.—T. F. Day in The Outing Magazine.

AN ATHLETE STILL AT 75.

President Diaz of Mexico Climbs a Pole Hand Over Hand.

Diaz is the commanding personality of Mexico, the founder and preserver of what is called the republic, writes Dr. W. W. Boyd in The National Home Journal. Republic, however, is a misnomer, judged by our ideas of a republican government.

There is a show of voting, a form of a representative assembly; but the Congress is created somewhat after the way in which the Czar elected the last Douma.

I was told by a leading diplomat that when a governor was to be elected by a state the name was selected in the City of Mexico, and the day after the election that name was sent to the state with the polite official announcement: "On yesterday the people chose as governor of your state Mr. So and So," the man selected at headquarters.

Nevertheless, let it be said that out of a heterogeneous mass of discordant and belligerent states, where conspiracy and revolution were rife, and human life and property were unsafe, there now emerges a strong, intelligent government, liberal and just to all. And in the accomplishment of this stupendous task to Diaz more than to all others is due the credit.

Not only intellectually, but physically, the President is a remarkable man. He was addressing the young cadets of the military school and emphasizing the importance of caring for the body by temperance, chastity and self-control if one would make the most and best of himself, when he ran to a tall pole in the arena of the gymnasium and climbed it hand over hand to the top. Then gracefully sliding down, he said:

"Young gentlemen, if you live as abstemious a life as I have led, when you are seventy-five years old, as I now am, you can do the same feat."

IN THE LABOR WORLD.

Albany labor unions have erected and opened a tuberculosis pavilion.

At Lethbridge, Canada, with a population of 4000 there are 1000 members of trades unions.

In 1893 there were only thirty-seven labor unions in New Zealand, now there are 310 with a total membership of 45,463.

The International Brotherhood of Teamsters has rejected the overtures for amalgamation of the United Teamsters of America.

A central labor union has been formed at Battle Creek, Mich., hitherto known as the non-union center, with a total membership of 1200.

A maritime federation, which will embrace about twenty different unions engaged in the shipping industry of Australia, is in process of formation in Sydney.

The lockout at the Vulcan Shipbuilding yards at Stettin, Germany, ended by the return of the 8000 riveters, the men having agreed upon the compromise propositions.

The book and job scale of the San Francisco Typographical union has been increased from $22 to $24 a week. All employers have accepted the new scale under an agreement.

Payment of old age pensions of members of the International Typographical union whose claim have been approved began on August 29. About 450 applications have been made so far from various parts of the country.

Millinery ranks fourteenth among the pursuits in which women are engaged as breadwinners in America. It is distinctly a woman's occupation and it is estimated that 94.4 per cent. of all milliners in the United States are women.

The International Cotton Spinners' union has recently presented Samuel Ross of New Bedford, Mass., its veteran secretary, with a silver service containing fifty pieces, as a token of appreciation of his faithful services.

The Oklahoma mining law has gone into effect, and is a measure to safeguard life and property. This measure, which is the direct result of the efforts of the mineworkers' union, is said to be the best law of its kind in any state of the Union.

State Labor Commissioner Harris Weinstock of California is investigating labor conditions in the principal cities of Europe, and collecting data, with a view to inaugurating legislation in California which shall do away with strikes and labor disturbances generally.

Martin Irons, the leader of the great southwestern railway strike of 1885, who died about two years in Arkansas, almost forgotten, is to have a monument erected to his memory. At any rate, the Missouri State Federation of Labor has appointed a committee to solicit subscriptions to that end.

Table "Courtesies" in 1200.

In the Ambrosian library at Milan there is a Thirteenth century manuscript entitled "Fifty Courtesies of the Table." Its author is Fra Bonvesin of Riva—a pedagogic monk—and it throws an interesting light on the table manners of those times. "Do not," writes this rigorous censor, "fill your mouth too full; the glutton who fills his mouth will not be able to reply when spoken to." The perfect diner is adjured, not to soak his bread in his wine, "for," adds Fra Bonvesin, "if ony one should dine with me and thus fish up his victuals I should not like it." But of the fifty "courtesies" the prize most certainly must be awarded to the following: "Let the hands be clean, and above all do not at table scratch your head, nor indeed any portion of your body." After this the advice to refrain from wiping one's fingers on the table cloth comes as an anti-climax.—London Chronicle.

Eagle Dropped Prey in Town Yard.

Eagles still hover over the crags that make the Cumberland narrows noted. John H. Horchler, an engineer, found a pheasant fluttering in his yard at Cumberland and observed a large eagle flying away. The eagle had dropped the pheasant and made frantic but unsuccessful efforts to recover it, flying into the yard, but was frightened away by the presence of Mr. Horchler, who found the pheasant fluttering with jagged holes in its neck from the eagle's talons.—Baltimore Sun.

A PROGRAMME APPROVED.

"Friends an' feller citizens!"—
That's the way they start;
Heard the speeches many a time
An' know 'em most by heart.
Start in talkin' 'bout reform,
With many a well worn phrase,
An' then the audience gives three cheers,
An' then the music plays.

"Friends an' feller citizens!"—
That's the start so neat.
Next I sort o' fade away
To drowsiness complete.
But it's all a great success;
'Specially the way
The applause wakes people up
To hear the music play.

—Washington Star.

HIS NAME WAS GEORGE.

"This," said Mrs. Peamint, "is Mr. Rhodes. Mr. Rhodes: Miss Perkins. Miss Perkins: Mr. Rhodes. Miss Perkins," she added, "comes from Jersey."

And the worst thus over, Miss Perkins looked at him who was named after Cecil the Great, and immediately began to spread her wiles like silken nets, for Mr. Rhodes was good to look upon, with the serious countenance of a man who undertakes great enterprises and carries them through. His eye was stern, and a furrow bisected his brow; but unless he had his arms folded across his chest—when, indeed, he looked forbidding—his manhood fitted him to perfection, and although he scowled fiercely at the inanimate this was doubtless due to concentration of thought, and no one could think the worse of him for that. And as for Miss Perkins, it is true, as Mrs. Peamint had said with such a note of sympathy, that she had come from Jersey, a place where she had ruled all hearts that she had not broken. When she had walked from the bank to the postoffice, a bare hundred yards, she had often counted as many as twenty-five tips received from admiring gentlemen friends. The assistant postmaster was one of her most devoted slaves and moistened her stamps with his own official tongue; the teller at the bank tried to squeeze her hand when he returned her deposit book; and, in short, her life had been one continual procession of triumph, strewn with roses and lined with smiles, ogles and the eyes of sheep, while significant coughs united in an orchestration of admiration and regard. And from this scene of conquest she was suddenly transplanted to Mrs. Peamint's establishment, convenient to the subway and the L.

Alas, and yet alas!

No one looked at her as she walked along the street; no one tipped to her, no one smiled at her, no one even noticed her; when the clerk sold her a package of picture postals it might have been a matter of purest business, and when the conductor took her nickel on the car he hadn't a word to say. No postman handed her a letter, no hackman saluted her, no little dogs wagged their tails at her—nothing, nothing, nothing! She looked in the store windows, but none of the clerks nodded at her; the policemen never glanced at her; the buildings looked strange—even hostile; the L road roared at her with an unconcealed impatience, and the subway fairly yawned at her. And on account of all these things Miss Perkins had retired to the privacy of her room at 3 o'clock that afternoon and had wept till 4, drying her eyes at last to the vow that she would triumph, that she would conquer, that she would reign as queen. She put on her prettiest frock, and when Mrs. Peamint introduced Mr. Rhodes to her just before dinner it seemed to be an omen, and as she heard the other guests trooping down the stairs, impatient for the dinner bell, her heart swelled with pride at being seen thus in earnest conversation with Mr. Rhodes—so fitly named after the Colossus.

Now, as the dinner progressed Miss Perkins noticed that the young ladies present referred to Mr. Rhodes as George. "Will you please pass the bread, George?" "I asked George to mail my letters; it was raining so hard." "Have you heard from your mother yet, George?" Noting him at these times, with a certain indignation at these forward young minxes, little Miss Perkins saw that Mr. Rhodes looked more dignified than ever, that the furrow in his brow deepened, and that he scowled so fiercely at the saltshaker that it, in truth, almost shook with alarm. "A-ha!" thought little Miss Perkins, "they are jealous of me already, are they? And this is the way they are trying to act!" So the next time anybody called him "George" she cut in with a remark prefaced by "Oh, Mr. Rhodes!" And after that the more they Georged him the more she Mistered him, pronouncing the title with a certain quite ladylike superiority, defending him from those brazen girls, and earning his gratitude—too, for as soon as dinner was over he whispered to her: "I say! Let's go for a walk!"

So they went for a walk, triumphant little Miss Perkins and the impressive Mr. Rhodes, and in due course of time and progress they found themselves seated on a Riverside Drive bench looking over the Hudson, and as Miss Perkins was wondering what her next topic should be—Mr. Rhodes' discourse having so far been limited to "Yes," "No," "That's so," and similar inanities of conversation—the breeze almost blew his hat off.

"My!" he said, lisping slightly and pulling the hat down, "I should hate to lose that hat."

"Why?" she asked, charmed at having drawn him out at last.

"That hat cost $4," he said.

"How extravagant!" she exclaimed.

But he took her seriously.

"Well, here's the way I look at it," he replied with a modest little cough. "We're only young once, and we might as well have the best there is. I've always been that way. Always. Why, the other day I bought the making of six pongee shirts; $37 I paid, too, just for the makings. I took the pongee to Peterson's and they wanted $3.50 each for making the shirts; $3.50! Just think of it! 'Why, the idea!' I said, and I took them right around to Belknap's, who only charged $2.50. But here's the strange part. This will show you the kind of man I am. I shall never wear those shirts."

And he looked over the Hudson in a moody sort of way, and yet with the satisfied facial characteristics of one who has made his mark.

"Oh, don't say that, Mr Rhodes!" she murmured.

"No!" he firmly repeated. "I shall never wear those shirts! I hate them so!"

"Hate them?" she asked.

"Hate them!" he exxclaimed, "positively hate them! That's the kind of man I am! I've always been that way! Always! See those shoes? Mother paid $7 for them! See those socks? Silk. I just love nice things!"

She looked over the river.

"I always get my clothes from one of the best custom tailors," he continued. "Always! It pays. Of course it's expensive, but, gracious, there's nothing like style! Have you seen those handkerchiefs with the cute little colored borders? I'm going to get a dozen. I think they're just lovely! I hope I shall like them when I get them, though, but I never can tell! I've always been that way! Always! Why, I remember once——"

And an hour later, when they returned to Mrs. Peamint's, they found that select establishment sitting out on the steps enjoying the cool of the evening.

"I'll tell you where you'll have to go some evening, if you've never seen it, Miss Perkins," said Mrs. Peamint from the top step of all, "Riverside Drive."

And as she stood there at the bottom of the steps for a moment, while beside her stood Mr. Rhodes, serious, his arms folded across his chest, his cane dangling from his wrist, scowling at the inanimate, little Miss Perkins gathered her skirts together, preparatory to walking up the steps, and answered.

"Why, I've just been over there with George."

And tripping lightly up the steps she paused half way up, turned and shook her finger at that waiting gentleman, exclaiming in the voice of scolding command:

"Now you just wait there a minute and I'll get that letter I want you to mail for me!"—Evening Sun.

DEATH IS PAINLESS.

It Comes as Naturally and Is as Welcome as Sleep.

The fear of death, which has been so enormously exploited in dramatic literature, sacred and otherwise, is said to be almost without existence in sickness. Most patients have lost it completely by the time they become seriously ill.

Death and sleep are both painless, according to Dr. Woods Hutchinson in The American Magazine, and cause neither fear nor anxiety by their approach. It is one of the most merciful things in nature that the overwhelming majority of the poisons which destroy life, whether they are those of infectious diseases or those which are elaborated from the body's own waste products, act as narcotics and abolish consciousness long before the end comes.

While death is not in any sense analogous to sleep, it resembles it to the extent that it is in the vast majority of instances not only painful but welcome. Pain racked and fever scorched patients long for death as the wearied toiler longs for sleep.

While many of the processes which lead to death are painful, death itself is painless, natural, like the fading of a flower or the falling of a leaf. Our dear ones drift out on the ebbing tide of life without fear, without pain, without regret, save for those they leave behind. When death comes close enough so that we can see the eyes behind the mask his face becomes as welcome as that of his "twin brother," sleep.

An Easy Shave

The other day a man walked into a barber's shop, deposited upon a table a number of articles which he took from a satchel, and arranged them with artistic care.

"This is pomade," said the visitor.

"I am well supplied," said the barber.

"This is bear's grease."

"I am full up with bear's grease."

"Here is some fine bay rum."

"Don't doubt it, but I make my own bay rum and put on foreign labels. Nobody knows the difference."

"Here is some patent cosmetic for the mustache."

"I know it is for the mustache, also for the whiskers, and all that, but I'm thoroughly stocked and reeking with cosmetic at present."

"Here are an electric brush, a duplex elliptic hair dye, lavender water, and a patent face powder."

"I don't want any of them."

"I know you don't."

"Then why do you ask me to buy them?"

"I did not ask you to buy them. Did I say anything to you about buying them?"

"Come to think of it, you didn't."

"I did not come here to sell anything. I wish to let you know that I possess all the toilet articles that a gentleman has any business with. Now give me an easy shave without asking me to buy anything."—Everybody's Magazine.

Mrs. Taft Tells This One.

Mrs. Taft, in a New Haven interview, said that she thought divorce worse than war.

"Yet marriage itself is war sometimes, isn't it?" added Mrs. Taft. "Some people campaign daily.

"There is a couple of this sort in Cincinnati. It was a marriage de convenance, theirs. That is to say, the lady had money.

"The lady had a temper, too. She insisted always that her wealth be recognized. One afternoon the husband brought a friend home in the new automobile.

"While his wife stood on the doorstep the husband showed the automobile's points to his friend, circling about it, patting its shining paint and brass work lovingly.

"'What a gem our automobile—' he cried, but his wife sharply interrupted him.

"'My automobile, if you please,' she snapped from the doorstep. 'My money bought it.'

"'Yes, madam,' said the husband, glancing at his friend; 'and your money bought me.'"—New Haven Register.

"Selene" the Chicken.

We have had the pleasure of living in the country for several months and had a pigpen built for a little pet pig the babies were fortunate enough to receive from a neighbor. The children had been carefully watching the other pens in the neighborhood and had noticed how the chickens would run all around the pen to get in whenever the pigs were fed. After waiting impatiently for their pen to be built, when the man had nailed the last plank on the floor, the little 4½-year-old came running in, almost breathless with delight and said. "Oh, mother, may we play in our little pig's pen?" After hesitating, I replied: "I guess so," and as she ran off, I put aside my work and slipped to the door to see how they would get in. Martha, the older child, climbed over and struggled to lift her little chubby sister, but could not. Finally, seeing all efforts fail, she said in a disappointed, pitiful way, "Well, Selene, you'll des hafter be a chicken and run all around on the outside and let me be the pig."—Delineator.

At the Circus.

"The two living skeletons have married."

"Well, you can's say anything about their being made one flesh."—Bohemian Magazine.

NOTES FOR WOMEN.

"When You Are Gone."

When you are gone
The tailors' bills will still lead on,
Still flutter far beyond thy ken
To lure and crush thy fellow men;
The tramp of many feet shall still
Come hurrying with many a bill,
Pursue thy kin forever on,
When you are gone.

When you are gone
And suns and systems still wheel on,
That grocery bill will yet hold pace
With all thy brooding, mourning race;
The butcher's boy will pass your door
Remembering his unpaid score;
Your washerwoman, lingering where
The sun glints on her rich, red hair,
Will scowl and mutter and pass on
When you are gone.

When you are gone
The rains will still descend upon
The just and the unjust, as they did
Upon your unpaid derby lid;
The comets and the stars perforce
Will hold upon their wonted course;
The gopher gambol through the corn
As from the day that you were born;
And wild geese honking in the air
Will honk as wildly raucous there
As they have thus honked everywhere;
The sunset glow will still sift down,
Your doctor, lawyer still will frown,
The "ten" you owe me still lead on,
When you are gone.

—Life.

◆

No Lack of Manly Boys.

The old cry about the effeminization of boys by women teachers has been raised again, this time by George W. Ehler, late athletic director of Cleveland's public schools. Mr. Ehler made the charge against the women teachers on the occasion of his resignation from this post. The schools, he declared, were not turning out manly lads. They lacked the qualities a man would teach by example. In games they showed no sportsman's honor. They werely wanted to win. They were quitters and talebearers and their characters were negative, not positive. The school board of Cleveland does not take this view, but President Thwing of Western Reserve university indorses it.

Dr. Luther H. Gulick, physical director of the public schools of New Yory city, disagrees most emphatically with Mr. Ehler. He has not noticed that the boys under his supervision are becoming ladylike, in spite of the 13,000 women teachers. Neither has any one intimated to him that they do not show as much manliness in their athletic sports as any other boys.

"No one has suggested," he said to a Tribune reporter yesterday, "that football as played by the boys of the New York public schools is effeminate or that basketball has become a mild and ladylike game.

"If women teachers tend to make boys effeminate, it is strange that they do not seem to have that effect in New York, where there are so many of them. Last winter, you may remember, there was much discussion about discipline in the schools, and some thought it would be necessary to restore corporal punishment. That does not look as if the boys were mild and ladylike. In some of our schools, particularly in Brooklyn, the principal and teachers are all women, and yet these schools take a splendid stand in athletics. This is because the teachers have made the work go. They don't actually do the stunts themselves, but they furnish the inspiration.

"It is the same old question that has always been in the world. The mothers of all of us have been women. In the age of chivalry the women were the inspiration of the men, yet no one ever accused the knights of effeminacy. In fact, the whole history of bullfights and similar exhibitions shows that women can be just as savage as men.

"Of course I think that in the schools, as well as in the home, there should be the man's influence as well as the woman's but as a plain matter of experience during the time that I have had them under observation I have never had any occasion to fear that our boys were becoming weak and effeminate."

Gen. George W. Wingate, president of the Public Schools Athletic league, and a member of the board of education, both agrees and disagrees with George W. Ehler.

"Mr. Ehler is dead wrong about women teachers making tale bearers of boys," Gen. Wingate said to a Tribune reporter. "I believe that up to the age of 12 a boy ought to be under a woman teacher. No man—unless he's a very exceptional man—ought to have anything to do with a child under 8. Women understand the child nature better. They are more sympathetic, and they can teach the boy honorable conduct as well as or better than a man. That is while the boy is a child. After the boy reaches 12 or thereabouts he needs a man. Even if the man teacher is rougher and harsher, he is good for the boy. Boys respect the man teacher more; as a rule, will obey him quicker. Men can talk to boys about things women can't. They talk from the man's standpoint. They understand boys, and what boys have got to meet when they become men.

"It's just like the difference between the mother's attitude and the father's. The mother says, 'Johnny, don't do this; Johnny, don't do that; Johnny, don't fight,' etc. The father may acquisce, but in his heart he is glad that the boy does those things. If he says anything he'll say, 'Don't pick up a fight, but if you are attacked put up as good a fight as you can.'"

The great reason why Gen. Wingate favors men teachers for big boys is that men are more interested in athletics.

"I want to differentiate between different women, though," he told The Tribune reporter. "Public school 56, in my district, has a woman principal, Miss Winifred T. Cullen, and it won the championship of the district in athletics. Some women teachers understand the value of athletics, but their proportion is small. Some men teachers don't understand the value of athletics, but their proportion is small. I think they just about balance each other."

"And is school discipline the better for athletics?"

"Unquestionably," said Gen. Wingate. "A boy is not allowed to enter the games unless he's up to a certain standard in his school work. Frequently he's good, not because he wants to be good, but because he wants to be in the game. In that way he gets the habit of being good."—New York Tribune.

◆

Care of Silverware.

Shining silver upon snowy linen is beautiful, but it takes trouble to keep it in good condition. The tarnishing of silver does not by any means indicate that it is of poor quality; on the contrary the finer the silver the more quickly it becomes discolored.

Silver kept in a room with open gas burners or coal stoves keeps its brilliancy for a short time only. Tarnishing can be prevented by having the pieces lacquered, but the lacquer, though serviceable for ornamental pieces, toilet articles, etc., cannot be used on the table service. The lacquered ware can be kept in excellent condition simply by dusting it lightly and carefully, and about once a month wiping it with a slightly dampened soft cloth. Never allow these pieces to become wet.

Hollow ware which has not been lacquered and is not in constant use should be carefully wrapped in flannel and then in soft wrapping paper and placed in a dark closet or drawer secure from acids and gases. The flat ware that is to be put away should be placed in rolls made of straight pieces of heavy canton flannel with individual pockets sewed in for each knife, fork, etc. The whole should be rolled up together and soft wrapping paper placed around the outside. Silver kept in this way will after washing be ready for immediate use.

The silver that is used daily can be kept in excellent condition by washing thoroughly in soft warm water and soap every day. All such silver should be washed well every second week. In doing this be careful not to put several pieces in the pan together, for this causes dents and scratches.

Rain water or water that has been boiled is the best to use. Make a heavy suds with a pure soap and add a few tablespoonfuls of ammonia. A soft sponge is most suitable for washing silver, and a fine brush may be employed on the chased pieces or around the handles.

After washing the silver well in the ammonia suds rinse in clear cold water and let it stand for a few minutes. If any polishing is necessary it can be done at this time. Common whiting, wet with alcohol and rubbed on with a soft flannel, makes an excellent polish. After polishing wash well again.

Finally dip all the pieces in a bath of boiling hot water and dry with a very soft cloth. This last dip in the clear boiling water does much to prevent future oxidation.

◆

Headache.

There are many things that produce headache, among them being long continued straining of the eyes, sudden excitement, bad air and want of ventilation, alcoholic drinks and a variety of other causes. Another fruitful source of headache in men is the absurd fashion of hats which society now imposes. Tight boots and shoes will also cause headache and destroy comfort, grace of motion and happiness. They prevent the flow of blood to the extremities and cause slight congestion of the brain. Tea drinking is often an unsuspected cause of headache, causing, as it does, exhaustion of the nervous system, and coffee the same thing. This is a drink which people are very apt to abuse, and those who find it injurious should discontinue its use. Going without sleep or taking too little sleep produces headache. Most people require eight hours out of twenty-four for sleep in order to perfectly restore the nervous system. The headaches of old age are generally caused by taking too much food—more than is required by the work done and more than can be digested. The remedy for this is moderation. for as the powers of life wane they should not be taxed more than is absolutely necessary.—Health Culture.

◆

The Woman Who Has Method.

The woman who takes as her life motto, "Do it at once," is the woman who is not hounded by an accusing conscience. The modern prayer for forgiveness is chiefly for things we have not done.

The only time one is sure of is the present; putting off to some more convenient moment is to lay up a reputation for rudeness or slovenliness.

The woman who believes that to apologize is to accuse will rarely have to back water on her belief if she gets into the do-it-at-once habit.

Do it at once is but another name for the "little drops of water" precept of childhood. The "mighty ocean" of accumulated duties will never swamp you if each wave is breasted as it comes.

Doing it at once is like oiling a dusty pike. It smoothes the path of life and smothers complaint and criticism.

Much of the fret and nerve racking comes from postponing the things that might just as well be cleared off at once. One is worried until they are done, and more worried if they are not done.

The girl who sews the first rip never has to take a day off for mending.

The housekeeper who writes down an order when the cook says it is wanted; who cleans off one finger mark rather than huge smears; who believes in straightening up when needed, rather than spasms of cleanliness, is the one whose household machinery never gets clogged.

The woman who puts an advertisement in the papers when the cook first gives warning rarely has to roughen her hands building the kitchen fire and peeling potatoes.

The girl who answers her invitations the minute she gets them never will be mortified by being called up over the telephone to know if she is coming.

The woman who sends her checks as soon as she gets her bills, who returns her obligation calls within a week, who gets off her gifts to a bride the day the cards come, who answers her letter immediately, never has to work the excuse of forgetfulness overtime.

She who takes camphor at the first sneeze and a liver pill when her eyeballs are yellow need not dread the hospital or spend her coin on complexion cures.

The woman who does the nice thing when she thinks of it, who says the kindly words as she goes along, who inquires for the invalid when she first hears she is ill, is not tormented by regrets when reading death notices.—New York Times.

◆

Gossip, and What to Do About It.

Gossip, we might as well admit, has a perennial interest for the best of us. Though we listen to it with a guilty conscience and pride ourselves on the fact that at any rate we did not introduce the subject, yet we listen. We know—for have we not read books, and gone to plays wherein the whole catastrophe turned upon a bit of scandal?—we know that gossip is evil, that it speaks no truth and works no righteousness; yet the fact remains that it is most entertaining. It is the living novel; the play seen at once from behind the scenes and before the curtain.

Perhaps it is no wonder, then, that in spite of all our resolutions we so seldom oppose it successfully. Even those of us who flatter ourselves that our interests are wider than our neighbor's affairs, and declare, with considerable sincerity, that we like life better seen through the medium of Thackeray or Hawthorne than at first hand, even we find ourselves every now and then, unable to stem the tide of personal chitchat that invades our parlors and verandas. It is not curiosity merely that catches us, for every well-bred person has been under discipline in regard to this instinct from infancy up; but it is very often a wobbly and uncertain kindliness.

We are unwilling to offend one friend even for the sake of chielding another; and it is, in truth, a difficult matter to check gossip without giving offense. Anything short of downright rebuke or open incredulity seems quite ineffectual. Even this has its dangers, for have we not all of us known social episodes where the effort to defend the absent has led merely to more violent accusations, the tale-bearer having been driven by opposition to justify his original statement by a stronger and stronger array of facts? After one or two such experiences, many of us content ourselves with as complete a silence as will pass unobserved, and by a resolve not to repeat what we have heard. But alas for frail human nature! At home there are those whom we trust with all our secrets; our hearts are teeming, and we proceed to make theirs teem. Presently we discover that we ourselves have helped to spread the story.

What, then, are we to do? The fact of gossip, it appears, is not to be lightly disposed of; its roots are too deep in human interest. We can only attempt to change its spirit. Once such an attempt succeeded. It happened in this wise: In a certain neighborhood a man died, and afterward all spoke well of him. Thereupon his widow asked with piognancy why no one had said these things while he lived. The friends who heard her resolved from that moment to speak of each other living as they would speak of the beloved dead; and gossip in that neighborhood, while it did not cease, became a blessing. Friends said appreciative things about each other and planned surprises and helps. Such a spirit, the spirit of genuine brotherly love, is the only spirit strong enough to meet and conquer the spirit of malice; and she who speaks ever so simply from the principle of charity—charity toward the gossipers, as beings of a like frailty with herself, and charity toward the absent—will find her words invested with a compelling power for good. In her presence unkindly gossip will be transformed to friendly interest. —Harper's Bazar.

◆

Benefits of Walking.

There are not many women who know the glorious, invigorating feeling which is the result of a brisk tramp through the park or in the woods, where the winds of early spring are laden with fresh and spicy odors.

A woman will read an article in her favorite "Beauty Book" on the benefits of outdoor exercise and she will decide then and there to take a nice long walk every day. So she takes a long walk of five miles the next day. Four miles is her limit on the second day. The third day she walks a scant three miles, and the fourth day she is in bed, while one of her long suffering family must go to the nearest drug store for arnica and liniments for her aching muscles and bones.

But the wise woman, when she starts out for a walk, will array herself in loose, comfortable clothing and, leaving her favorite muff behind she starts out with swinging arms and head held high and strides along briskly and easily.

Her first day's walk is scarcely a mile, the second day she increases the distance, and finally she covers about three miles in fifty minutes each day.

She takes her exercise the first thing in the morning, and for the rest of the day her eyes shine and her cheeks glow from the stimulating effect which the walk has had.

◆

Dr. Hutchinson on Play.

Whether the child survives civilization or not, civilization cannot survive the child, for the child is the embodiment of the future of the race. The boasted organization of our civilization is an organization for grown-ups and has left the child out of its calculations.

Half a century ago our social and industrial organization was so loose that there was plenty of room for the child to grow up in the gaps and interspaces. Now it is so compact that he scarcely has breathing room, and no play room. We have gone far to civilize the business of play out of existence. The modern city child has lost his most precious birthright—the back yard.

At the same time, we have made the streets more impossible as playgrounds than ever, with street car tracks down the middle, delivery wagons along both curbs, and automobiles all over the roadway, they are about as suitable for play as the track of a trunk line railway.

The small shop where he saw things made, and work accomplished on every side of him, where he could pick up the remnants and imitate the performance, is lost as well.

We have not improved matters much by substituting the school. Because the child is deprived of the proper opportunity to develop his body, we build beautiful palaces for his incarceration during the hours of daylight so that we may overdevelop his brain. If this were not so stupid it would be criminal. The real business of the child is not to pass examinations, but to grow up.

The schoolroom must relinquish at least one-half of its claims upon the time and strength of our children. Our school rooms should be relieved of the mere nursery duty of keeping children out of harm and of mischief, with which they are now loaded, and the playground should be organized, supervised and recognized as a vital and co-ordinate branch of our scheme of education. One of the most valuable influences of the school is the effect of the children upon each other. But this can be obtained in its perfection only upon the playground. Cut down the school hours one-half and double the playground hours, and you will have done more for the physical, mental and moral health of Young America than by any other possible step. Better a playground without a schoolhouse, than a schoolhouse without a playground. —Woods Hutchinson, M. D., in Charities and the Commons.

◆

Using a Good Cold Cream and Giving the Skin Proper Care.

Dust is a great destroyer of a good complexion, and also of the hair. If you want a good complexion you must not wash it immediately upon coming in from the air. Too much water and not enough cosmetics has made more than one complexion a thing to be despaired of. No woman should be without a good cold cream on her dressing table any more than she would do without a fine soap on her wash stand. After one has been walking or driving in the wind, and the face is all stinging with the glow of it, one should take care to allow one's face to cool gradually. Do not stand near the stove, or an open fire perhaps, to warm the hands and at the same time scorch the face. First rub a good cold cream thoroughly into the skin; massage the face with the hands, rubbing the cheeks with a circulatory movement. Then take a soft cloth and bathe the face over and over in good, hot water. A little powdered borax added to the water with a few drops of tincture of benzoin, will be all the better. Then, without drying, plunge the face in cold water; spatter it lightly in the water with the hands; then dry with a soft towel, not rubbing too vigorously. The cold water closes the pores. After they are healthily cleansed, powder with a pure rice powder, one which is made for the face—not a talcum powder. The latter is essential as a bath powder, but is not intended for everyday use to prevent a shiny nose; after this treatment the face will be rosy with the tint of a healthful circulation and will feel velvety to the touch. Nor should the face or hands be washed immediately after being in the wind without the use of cold cream; they would soon become chapped and roughened. Leathery or reddened skins are inevitably caused from lack of care, or a physical fault of some sort.

New Features of a Doctor's Home.

A formaldehyde room, where he can disinfect himself and his clothing thoroughly before entering the rest of the home, will be but one of the features which will make the home to be built by Dr. E. M. Holder on East street one of the most complete and luxurious in Memphis. Besides the little disinfecting room, designed as protection for his family from himself when he returns from treating infectious or contagious diseases, a standpipe with hose for use in fighting fire is a novelty. A private safe, lock and shelves in the pantry, a plate warmer for the kitchen, a shower bathroom with solid stone walls, are among the unique features. A screened sleeping room is provided for summers.—Memphis News-Scimitar.

Awkward.

"Do you like moving pictures?"

"Not a bit. I nearly always drop the blamed things on my toes."—Birmingham Age Herald.

DAKOTA'S ORIGINAL BONANZA FARMER

OLIVER DALRYMPLE, WHO HAD 30,000 ACRES DEVOTED TO WHEAT RAISING.

FORESAW FUTURE OF DAKOTAS

Demonstrated Value of Union of Scientific Farming and Up-to-Date Business Methods.

TWELVE THRESHING OUTFITS.

But one man in the United States ever had 600 men and 600 horses working on his farm, using 150 gang plows that turn from three to eighteen furrows at a time, seventy gang drills, 150 selfbinding harvesters and twelve steam threshing outfits, and shipping two trainloads of wheat every day in the threshing season. That man died the other day at Casselton, twenty miles west of here, writes a Fargo, N. D., correspondent of the New York Sun. He was Oliver Dalrymple, and his wonderful farm, which for many years contained 30,000 acres and at the time of his death 17,000, was celebrated abroad as well as in this country.

Dalrymple was the original bonanza farmer and he demonstrated the value in dollars and cents of the combination of the science of agriculture and modern business methods. Knowing how to get the very best seed, how it should be planted under various conditions, how the crop should be cultivated and how to market it to best advantage, he sat in his late years in his central office and by telephone received reports daily from each of the six divisions into which his farm was cut up for administrative purposes and gave directions to the division superintendents and their foremen.

There were two Dalrymples of the same sort, Oliver and W. F. They were brothers and came west from Pennsylvania in 1855. They were of Scotch parentage, and most canny farmers.

Oliver, who was 78 when he died, settled in Faribault, Minn., when he was 25 and practiced law and engaged in a loan and land business. He became convinced that there was more money to be made out of the soil than anything else and in 1866 took up agriculture in Washington county, Minn., and seeded 2300 acres.

Saw Dakota's Future.

Nine years later he turned his attention to Dakota, then a vast unpeopled plain. The Northern Pacific railroad was extended to Bismarck in that year, 1875, and between Bismarck and Fargo there wasn't a mile of railroad track or a dwelling.

Dalrymple, with the instinct of the true pioneer, scented a rich future for the western prairies and induced his friend, E. B. Grandin to go and spy out the land. Grandin looked over some sections of Dakota carefully and sent back word for Dalrymple to come on.

In 1875 and 1876 Dalrymple bought from the Northern Pacific railroad and from the United States government 75,000 acres of land in the Red river valley. Part of this land he acquired for himself, and of the rest he was half owner, the other proprietors being Gen. G. W. Cass, then president of the Northern Pacific road; B. P. Cheney of Boston and J. L. and E. B. Grandin of Pennsylvania.

The lands were paid for in Indian scrip and railroad stock at par, and in that way cost from 40 cents to $3 an acre. The same lands are worth on an average $25 an acre now, but this rise of price could only be guessed at in the day when Dalrymple made his first big deal.

Few people then believed that the Red river valley land had any particular agricultural value. Mr. Dalrymple had said that in the spring of 1876 a large portion of his farming property was under water and on a windy day the whitecaps rolled over the broad expanse with sufficient force to swamp a small boat.

But the Dalrymples and the Grandins were convinced even then of the value for agricultural purposes of the rich, black soil of the now famous valley, and Dalrymple said that whether the surrounding country should remain unsettled or not it would command a price above $20 an acre before many years.

Broke 30,000 Acres.

Without delay he set out to demonstrate his faith in the future of the plains and for five years he broke 6000 acres each year. Practically all of the 30,000 acres was put into wheat. Of this farm Mr. Dalrymple owned three-fourths and he was the general manager.

The necessity of dividing the farm into administrative and working sections was apparent to Dalrymple from the outset. He made each of his superintendents directly responsible for the working of 2500 acres and each superintendent, finding that the executive business required all of his time, appointed foremen, who made the rounds of the fields on horseback.

Each headquarters was connected with the central office at Casselton by telephone and the central office was connected with the telegraph office at the railroad station. Each division was equipped with its own set of workmen, teams and machinery.

Although the land is so level as to require much less machinery and power to operate than the ordinary farm, there were, as noted, 150 gang plows, 70 gang drills, 150 selfbinding harvesters and 12 extra large threshing outfits. The twelve threshing outfits each turned out from 2000 to 2500 bushels of wheat a day, and when threshing began on the Dalrymple farm the railroad company provided two special trains a day to haul the grain away as it was ready.

It took from 500 to 600 harvest hands to do the work, and though many wheat farmers in the Dakotas have trouble in getting men for the few weeks of hard, fast work in the harvest season, the Dalrymple farm usually had an adequate supply of labor, for Dalrymple's way of dealing with his men was well known among the great gangs that garner the crops in this section.

The Dalrymples and the Grandin brothers divided their joint holdings about seven years ago and the Dalrymples gradually reduced the magnitude of their operations and sold portions of their land. W. F. Dalrymple died several years ago and since that time Oliver still further reduced his holdings until last year he had but 17,000 acres in the Red River valley. Not all of this is sown to wheat now, for Dalrymple had begun to rotate his crops to revitalize the soil.

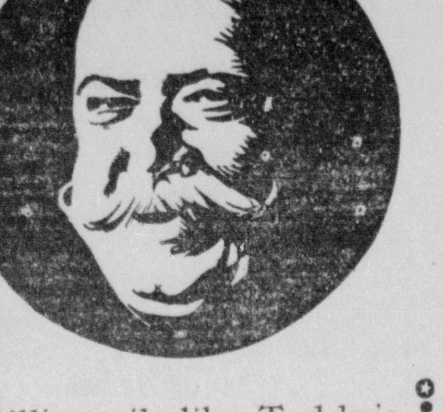
Room for Sophie.

Sophie, the maid, was cross, and little Richmond did not like her.

In his prayer the other night he said: "God bless papa and mamma and Harold and Willie and Helen."

"But you haven't said, 'God bless Sophie,'" reminded his mother.

"Oh, well," Richmond said resignedly, "let her go in with the bunch!"—The Bohemian Magazine.



Bill's smile like Teddy's seems to say:
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THE early Christmas shopper gets the best of everything and makes the situation much easier for the force behind the counter.

MR. BRYAN has bought a winter home in Texas, but it does not follow that he has any designs on the senatorial seat of his former friend, Joseph W. Bailey.

LET us stand right by Santa Claus and the Christmas giving. He has made the world brighter and better and happier. His work is not yet done. As long as there is a poor lonely heart anywhere in the world; as long as there is a man or woman who needs to be cheered up; as long as there are boys and girls to love,—so long will there be something for this Saint of the Big Heart to do.—Ex.

MR. WILLARD HALL

SAYS ECZEMA
Drove Me Nearly Crazy
MY HEAD A MASS OF SORES
MUNYON'S OINTMENT, WITCH HAZEL SOAP
AND PAW PAW PILLS CURED ME

Read what Mr. Willard Hall, who lives at 1524 Arch street, Philadelphia, says: "I should feel that I had not done my duty to the public if I did not tell them what Munyon's Witch Hazel Soap and Eczema Ointment have done for me. My head was a complete mass of sores from Eczema. I consulted the best physicians and spent hundreds of dollars in trying to get rid of this loathsome and annoying disease without any benefit. A friend of mine who had been cured of Eczema by Munyon's treatment advised me to get a jar of Eczema Ointment, a bottle of Paw Paw Pills and to use his Witch Hazel Soap. I procured these remedies, but must say I had no faith whatsoever in being cured. You may imagine my surprise when after washing my head with the Witch Hazel Soap and applying the ointment, all itching ceased instantly, and before I had used one jar of the ointment my head was healed and the second jar made a complete cure. There is not a sore on my head today. I washed regularly with the Witch Hazel Soap in water as hot as I could bear it and applied the ointment night and morning, and took a Paw Paw Pill every night. Paw Paw Pills keep my stomach and liver in a most healthful condition. I cannot recommend these remedies too highly and you are at liberty to use my name in any manner that you choose."

Prof. Munyon in his letter to druggists says: "You can conscientiously recommend my Witch Hazel Soap and this ointment to all your customers. Try and persuade mothers to use the Witch Hazel Soap and ointment on baby and see how quickly it will relieve it of hives, chafing and all skin irritation." In all cases of Eczema and where the face or body is covered with pimples or sores, he strongly advises the use of his Paw Paw Laxative Pills. These pills not only cure biliousness, jaundice, constipation and most liver and stomach ailments, but drive all impurities from the blood and make the skin glow with youthful freshness.

Trained Nurse Praises Munyon's Witch Hazel Soap.

Mrs. Ida S. Park, Graduate Woman's Hospital, 125 N. 16th street, says: "I have used Munyon's Witch Hazel Soap for some months and find it most satisfactory. It is antiseptic and just what is needed for delicate skins. Mothers will find this soap ideal for baby, as it speedily cures chafing and most skin eruptions."

SHELDON FILES SCHEDULE TODAY

Republican National Committee Discloses Contributors.

THERE ARE 12,330 OF THEM

Of This Number 250 Subscribed $1,000 and Over, the Highest Individual Contribution Being the President-Elect's Brother, Who Sifted in the Sum of $110,000—The Total Contributions Amounted to $1,579,578, a List of Which Has Been Made Out in Accordance With the Laws of the State of New York.

New York, Nov. 23.—It is understood that the list of contributions to the fund of the Republican committee for the recent campaign, to be filed today in the office of the secretary of state at Albany in accordance with the laws of this state will show a total of 12,330 contributors, whose total contributions foot up $1,579,578.27.

Of these contributors the name of Charles P. Taft of Cincinnati, brother of the president-elect, heads the list with $110,000. There are more than 250 who have contributed $1,000 and over, sixteen of whom reached $10,000 or more. Among the $1,000 contributors was President Roosevelt, according to this schedule. Among the big contributors were the United League of New York, $34,777, and the Union League of Philadelphia, $22,500. Larz Anderson of Boston; G. A. Garretson, treasurer, is down for $25,000. Andrew Carnegie and J. P. Morgan each contributed $20,000; A. S. Cochran, New York; J. N. Bagley, Michigan, and William Nelson Cromwell are each down for $15,000. The $10,000 list takes in M. C. D. Borden, Whitelaw Reid, Frank A. Munsey and Jacob H. Schiff of New York; Fred P. Smith of Michigan and Edith Agnes Corbin and W. J. Behan, treasurer, of Washington. S. Vail and associates, Washington, and H. N. Coe, chairman, are in the $9,000 list; Mark T. Cox, New York, $7,500; R. C. Kerens, St. Louis, $7,000; William Barbaour, Paterson, $6,000. The $5,000 list includes J. C. Schmidlapp, Cincinnati; Simon G. Guggenheim, Denver, Kountz Bros., William P. Clyde, J. M. W. Seligman & Co., A. D. Julliard & Co., Norman B. Ream, Robert Bacon, A. M. Huntington, Geo. Lauder, Mrs. A. A. Anderson, James Speyer, D. O. Mills, G. F. Baker, E. C. Converse, F. H. Smith, chairman, and A. M. Huntington, all of New York; C. Sydney Sheppard, Buffalo; D. R. Hanna and G. Pinchot, Washington; T. H. Shevlni, Minneapolis; A. Busch, St. Louis, and Ferdinand Sulzberger, W. S. Dickey and J. Bromley of Kansas City, and F. C. Dumaine, chairman.

DEMOCRATIC STATEMENT

National Committee Has Balance on Hand of $1,234.71

Chicago, Nov. 23.—The Democratic national committee received in all $620,644.77 and spent $619,410.06 during the recent presidential campaign, leaving a balance in hand of $1,243.71. So reads a statement made public today by the officers of the committee, and the itemized statement was filed for record in the office of the secretary of the state of New York in compliance with the resolution adopted by the national committee at Lincoln, Neb., last July. The list of contributors numbers over 74,000. The statement made public by the committee includes a certificate of audit by Myron D. King, auditor of the national committee, which shows the following distribution of disbursements by vouchers shown by departments of the national Democratic committee:

Auditor's office, $866.50; secretary's office, $4,108.51; treasurer's office, $5,073.21; commercial travelers', $153; club organization bureau, $5,020.76; labor bureau, $37,401.36; advisory committee, $3,020.95; organization of states, $129,053.62; purchasing agent department, $1,340.73; finance committee, $26,586.54; congressional committee, $3,625; publicity bureau, $88,899.43; ex-treasurer's account, miscellaneous—sight drafts on Oklahoma bank, $4,010.85; sergeant-at-arms, $4,046.37; documents, $142,537.25; chairman and vice chairman, $6,530; reproduction bureau, $5,115.60; speakers' bureau, $33,768.95; general fund, $38,110.80; rent of headquarters, $13,746.72; telegrams, $13,761.90; telephone, $2,199.30; express charges, $13,061.17; postage, $37,412.54.

According to this statement the list contains over 25,000 names, representing over 100,000 contributors, who contributed through newspapers, clubs, solicitors and other organizations, whose names are on file in the office of the chairman of the national committee at Buffalo.

Death List Growing.

New Orleans, Nov. 23.—With the deaths last night of Edward Pelfry and Ben Thomas, negro roustabouts, the death list of Saturday's Mississippi river steamer explosion near Bayou Goula now stands at eight, with the probability that it will be added to within the next twenty-four hours. Some of those who are injured by the explosion on the H. M. Carter are in a critical condition at New Orleans hospitals.

SPECIAL
Thanksgiving
OFFERINGS

Exquisite Linen to grace your dining-room table at very low prices. Where the table is set with snowy white table napery it looks appetizing. It is not extravagant or expensive to have your Thanksgiving dining table equipped with everything in keeping with your home. When an assortment of fine Linens are offered at such special prices, which we are doing, it is your opportunity to take advantage of quite a saving.

TABLE LINENS
54 and 56 inch Bleached and Unbleached Table Linens assorted patterns, worth 35c 25c
56 in- Bleached Mercerised Damask, handsome patterns 45c
68 and 70 inch All Linen Bleached Damask, worth 1.25 per yd. special.... 89c
Pattern TableCloths with Napkins to match, priced special for this occasion.

Napkins, Fancy Linens, Cluny Pieces and Doilies.
A handsome collection of square, round and oval shape Doilies, ranging in price from 5cts. to $1.00
Cluny Center Pieces and Scarfs ranging in price from 98 cents to $3.50.
Napkin values which cannot be equaled. Price ranging from 39c to $3.98 a doz.

TOWELS, TOWELING
Full size Huck Towel, with or without fringe, regular 10c values 5c
Extra size Huck Towel, regular 12½c values.... 7½c
Full size Fringed Towel white or colored borders, 25c values 19c
A visit to our Basement for necessities as well as Ornamental Pieces for Thanksgiving will more than pay you as we have a large assortment.

Our Big Sale is still in force. Big Bargains in all Departments.
The Gold Mine Deparment Store

BEREFT OF PATRONAGE

Mr. Hall Is to Be President of the Senate In Name Only.

Indianapolis, Nov. 23.—Lieutenant Governor-elect Hall is to be deprived of the privilege of appointing the standing committees of the senate. The Republican senators will hold a caucus here a day or two before the session is opened and will arrange then for the committees. Lieutenant Governor Miller will serve for three days after the legislature is convened and the standing committees of the senate will be named before Hall is inaugurated. A majority of the members of either branch of the legislature may take from the presiding officer the privilege of naming the committeees. Several years ago the Republicans who were in the majority, refused to permit Lieutenant Governor Haggard, a Republican, to name all of the standing committees. They made the appointments for him. The Republican leaders are determined that the Democrats shall not have any advantage over them by apponiting the committees of the senate. By controlling the committees of the senate the Republicans can block any partisan legislation unfavorable to their party, even though the legislature is Democratic on joint ballot. The Republican organization is planning to meet the Democrats half way in the contests the latter expect to file for possession of the state offices. Ex-Congressman George Cromer of Muncie, and ex-Governor Durbin are having the tally sheets checked up in every county, so that the returns may be corrected and to block the evidence the Democrats are getting ready to offer. The law on the subject of contests says that the senate and house shall appoint committees of seven members each by viva voce vote. These committees shall hear the contests publicly and shall render a verdict that will be final. Their verdict shall be spread of record on the journals of the house and senate, and no vote shall be taken by either branch on the verdict. The latter provision will deprive the Democrats of any advantage they might have derived from having a majority on joint ballot. Those in charge of the interests of the Republican officials are now picking out their men who will represent them at the contest who, it is said, will not vote to seat any Democratic candidate. The Republican leaders are saying that they are confident that the Democrats will not be able to gather any evidence that will show that they were elected. On the other hand some of the Democratic candidates insist that they have discovered enough errors in the returns to more than offset the pluralities received by their opponents.

There is a disposition among party leaders on both sides to do something with the temperance question to take it out of politics for keeps. The Anti-Saloon League takes the view that it was a mistake to inject the local option question into partisan politics and it wants to get it out as soon as possible. It desires, however, that it shall be removed from politics by leaving the law on the books. As a matter of fact the league proposes to use the law as a start toward state-wide prohibition. There is some talk around the edges among men influential in politics that the brewery combine will not get the county local option law off the books until it comes to terms fixing the status of the saloons and breweries in business and in politics. Men who were opposed to the local option law are now saying the brewers and saloon keepers may as well make up their minds at once that they will not be allowed to dictate to either party hereafter. Shortly after the legislature is convened it is likely that a bill will be introduced fixing the license for saloons at $1,000 a year and limiting the number of saloons to one for each 1,000 persons. That kind of a law, it is believed by some men who are studying the question, will drive hundreds of dirty saloon "joints" out of existence within a short time and place the saloon business on a more respectable basis, where there will not be so much disposition to bring it into politics. It is said that the brewers themselves are determined to do away with the brewery saloons. They will be urged to help reform their business by limiting the number of saloons and passing the license fee. It is said that there are enough Republicans in the senate to bring about the repeal of the county local option law providing the brewers will agree to the passage of measures for strict regulation of the saloons. It is believed, however, that neither side knows where it stands among the legislators on the local option question.

CAN'T BE SEPARATED.

Some Seymour People Have Learned How to Get Rid of Both.

Backache and kidney ache are twin brothers. You can't separate them. And you can't get rid of the back- until you cure the kidney ache. If the kidneys are well and strong, the rest of the system is pretty sure to be in vigorous health. Doan's Kidney Pills make strong healthy kidneys.

Mrs. Fred Knoll, 130 McKee Street Greensburg, Ind. says; "I was feeling very miserable suffering from kidney trouble, I had no strength of ambition and was unable to sleep at night. I could not attend to my household duties on account of the severe backaches I suffered, together with sharp shooting pains across my loins and hard headaches; My kidneys were much disordered, and their action too frequent causing me to get up very often at night to avoid the secretions which were also highly colored. After using Doan's Kidney Pills all these troubles disappeared; I have no more backache, pains in the loins or headaches and my kidneys act regularly Doan's Kidney Pills cured me of all these ailments and I can recommend them to anyone who has suffered as I did.

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States. Remember the name Doan's and take no other.

Msss Mattie Horning was a west-bound passenger this morning on the B. & O. accommodation.

The Best in the Basket
It's a Biscuit Flour
It's a Pastry Flour
It's a Bread Flour
It's a Cake Flour
It's –
GOLD MEDAL FLOUR
WASHBURN-CROSBY CO.
FOR SALE BY YOUR GROCER
THE VERY HIGHEST QUALITY
WASHBURN-CROSBY CO.
Gold MEDAL FLOUR

THANKSGIVING

THANKSGIVING is the day everyone looks forward to with a certain amount of pleasure. You will enjoy the day far better if CORRECTLY DRESSED in one of our Stylish Suits, Swell Cut Overcoats, Black Tan or Gray Gloves, Black, Tan or Green Hat, Patent Leather, Wine or Gun Metal Shoes. We have them all and no one will be better dressed than you, if you buy from us. Give your boy a "New Outfit" and make him happy.

THE HUB
LEADING OUTFITTERS.

For Sale

$2000.00 this beautiful home, 8 rooms, 4 closets, hall, gas in every room, summer kitchen, cellar, well cistern, lot 50x120, fruit and sheds and henery.

$1500.00 this residence, lot 57x157 good location, 4 rooms and summer kitchen, sheds, McCann well, good corner lot.

$2750.00 for this elegant residence, lot 50x150, bath room, concrete walks, furnace, cellar, sewer, barn, 6 rooms.

$1200.00 for this fine new home, fine shade, concrete walks, well, 5 rooms, front and rear porch.

Also cheaper and higher priced city property.

GEO. SCHAEFER,
Real Estate and
General Insurance
First National Bank Bldg. Seymour.

DENTIST
OFFICE HOURS
COPYRIGHT

Dr. B. S. Shinness.

A Thanksgiving Toothache is a visitation we all want to be without, or any other impairment of the teeth that prevents the enjoyment of our meals. Impaired teeth means impaired health in the form of dyspepsia. If you would enjoy your Thanksgiving turkey, and other good things, see Dr. B. S. Shinness without delay.

Dr. B. S. Shinness.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES
Prescriptions A Specialty
GEORGE F. MEYER'S
DRUG STORE

New Coal Yard
OPENED BY
Ed. M. McElwain
At Hodapp Hominy Mill.
BEST GRADES
Of COAL Always on Hand.
Weighing done by Mr. Hodapp. Leave orders at office or at Gates' store. TELEPHONE NO. 94.

WANT ADVERTISING

HOUSE FOR RENT—See Geo. Schaefer. n23d

WANTED—Information regarding a good farm or business for sale; not particular about location; wish to hear from owner only, who will sell direct to buyer; give price, description and state when possession can be had. Address L. Darbyshire, Box 2027, Rochester, N. Y.

Weather Indications.

Showers tonight and Tuesday, continued warm.

Seymour Temperatures.

The following are the maximum and minimum temperatures as shown by the government thermometers at the Seymour volunteer weather observation station and reported by J. Robert Blair, observer. The figures are for twenty-four hours ending at noon:

	MAX	MIN
November 23, 1908,	67	50

PERSONAL.

Casper Schaefer remains quite low at his home near the north end of Bill street.

Attorney John Kamman went to Brownstown this morning to attend the circuit court.

Mrs. John Cain, of Reddington township, was transacting business in the city this afternoon.

Miss Gertrude Siebenburgen returned home this morning from a trip north on the Pennsylvania line.

Mrs. Ed Rinne and children spent Sunday with friends in Indianapolis and returned home on the late train Sunday evening.

Mrs. and Mrs. Strader Young, of Indianapolis, who have been the guests of Miss Mabel Harris since Friday, returned home Sunday evening.

If You Read This

It will be to learn that the leading medical writers and teachers of all the several schools of practice recommend, in the strongest terms possible, each and every ingredient entering into the composition of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for the cure of weak stomach, dyspepsia, catarrh of stomach, "liver complaint," torpid liver, or biliousness, chronic bowel affections, and all catarrhal diseases of whatever region, name or nature. It is also a specific remedy for all such chronic or long standing cases of catarrhal affections and their resultants, as bronchial, throat and lung disease (except consumption) accompanied with severe coughs. It is not so good for acute colds and coughs, but for lingering, or chronic cases it is especially efficacious in producing perfect cures. It contains Black Cherrybark, Golden Seal root, Bloodroot, Stone root, Mandrake root and Queen's root—all of which are highly praised as remedies for all the above mentioned affections by such eminent medical writers and teachers as Prof. Bartholow, of Jefferson Med. College; Prof. Hare, of the Univ. of Pa.; Prof. Finley Ellingwood, M. D., of Bennett Med. College, Chicago; Prof. John King, M. D., of Cincinnati; Prof. John M. Scudder, M. D., of Cincinnati; Prof. Edwin M. Hale, M. D., of Hahnemann Med. College, Chicago, and scores of others equally eminent in their several schools of practice.

The "Golden Medical Discovery" is the only medicine put up for sale through druggists for like purposes, that has any such *professional* endorsement—worth more than any number of ordinary testimonials. Open publicity of its formula is the best possible guaranty of its merits. A glance at this published formula will show that "Golden Medical Discovery" contains no poisonous, harmful or habit-forming drugs and no alcohol—chemically pure, triple-refined glycerine being used instead. Glycerine is entirely unobjectionable and besides is a most useful agent in the cure of all stomach as well as bronchial, throat and lung affections. There is the highest medical authority for its use in all such cases. The "Discovery" is a concentrated glyceric extract of native, medicinal roots and is safe and reliable.

A booklet of extracts from eminent, medical authorities, endorsing its ingredients mailed *free* on request. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

PERSONAL.

W. H. Bower was over from Kurtz today on business.

Andrew Ruddick was at Langdon Sunday afternoon.

Otto Furnish was here from Scottsburg Sunday evening.

Ed Schwein was here from Brownstown Sunday evening.

Fred Fehring, of Columbus, was in this city this morning.

G. J. Schmitt, of Columbus, was in Seymour Sunday night.

Charles Roemmel went to Chestnut Ridge Sunday afternoon.

H. S. Dell made a business trip to North Vernon this morning.

C. R. Hoffman made a business trip to Cincinnati this morning.

Lee Garriott, of Scottsburg, spent Sunday evening in this city.

Gilbert West, of Scottsburg, was in Seymour Sunday afternoon.

Miss Nellie Ruddick visited friends at Langdon Sunday afternoon.

David Colburn, of near Medora, was in Seymour this morning.

Dale Johnson, of Brownstown, was in Seymour Saturday evening.

Miss Kate Honan is dangerously ill at her home at 225 E. Third street.

Jason Martin, of Brownstown, spent Saturday evening in this city.

Ed Reed was a passenger to Vallonia this morning on the accommodation.

Jerry McOsker, of Brownstown, was in this city a short time this morning.

Josephus Goss, of Owen township was in Seymour this morning on business.

James Meyers, of Brownstown, spent Sunday evening with friends in this city.

George Schrier, of W Brown street, was a passenger to Brownstown this morning.

E. S. Jordan made a business trip to Vincennes this morning on the early train.

Walter Reynolds, of North Vernon, visited friends here Saturday evening and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. John England were here from Jeffersonville Sunday visiting relatives.

Arthur DeGolyer was a southbound passenger over the interurban line Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Carrie Cone was a passenger to Chicago this morning on the late Pennsylvania train.

Mrs. James Burke is quite seriously ill with rheumatism at her home on South Broadway.

Mrs. Dalton, of Scottsburg, was in this city Sunday and returned home on the one o'clock car.

Dr. L. Ruddick returned home Sunday evening from a short visit with relatives at Indianapolis.

County Surveyor James Wayman came up from Brownstown this morning on the nine o'clock train.

Misses Julia Kerkhof and Anna Massman spent Sunday afternoon with friends at Crothersville.

Estel Hancock returned home from Vincennes Saturday afternoon where he had been spending several days.

Mr. Craig, Mr. Gamble and Mr. McCormick, of Scottsburg, spent Sunday evening with friends in this city.

William Wilkerson, who has charge of the telephone exchange at Cortland, was in town on business this morning.

Misses Margaret Ahlbrand, Ilma Heideman and Amelia and Emma Von Fange spent Sunday with friends at Jonesville.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Reynolds, of west Second street, spent Sunday afternoon with relatives and friends at Crothersville.

I. B Reed arrived today from Ashtabula, Ohio, to look after his building interests in the Reed & Jordon addition.

Alf Cox came up from Crothersville this morning and went to Brownstown to attend the opening of the new term of the circuit court.

Mrs. J. R. Gebhart and little son Barton went to New Albany on the Pennsylvania line for a short visit with relatives and friends.

Thos. H. Campbell, and wife, of Shelbyville, were the guest of Victor N. Fettig and wife Sunday. Mr. Campbell is a well known lawyer.

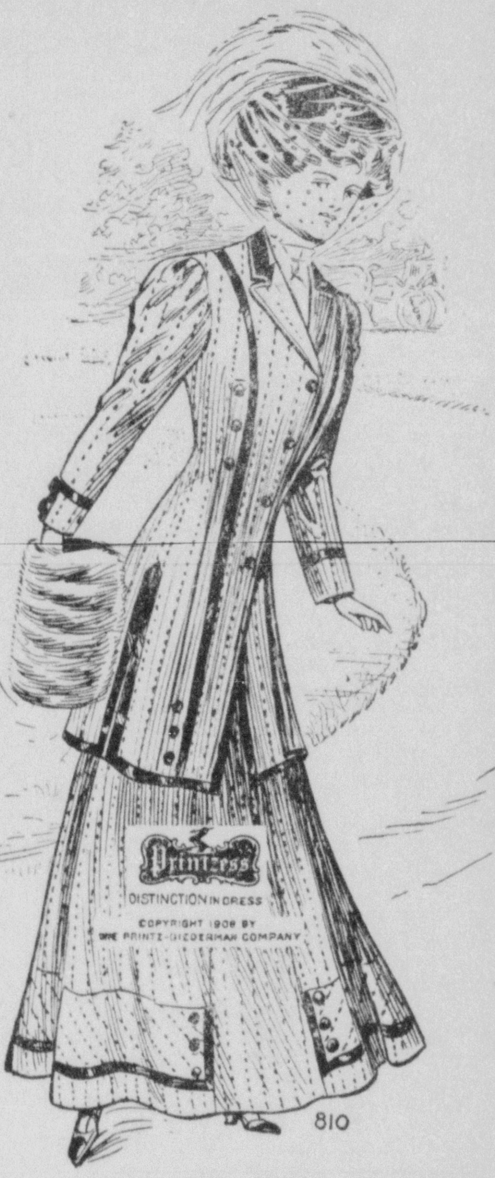
Miss Louise Hoffman, of Madison, was expected here today for a short visit with her sister, Mrs. L. W. Richart and family of East Second street.

Peter P. Fettig and wife, of Shelbyville, and B. H. Fettig and wife, of Columbus, were here yesterday to spend the day with Joseph Fettig and family.

Mrs. Ed Perkinson returned home from Indianapolis Sunday evening where she had been visiting her sister, Mrs. Fred Miller for several days.

Elder James M. Cross, of Nineveh, passed through the city this morning en route home from Vallonia where he preached at the Christian church Sunday. He will preach at Medora next Sunday and atthe White Church, near Vallonia, on the second Sunday in December.

Wooltex
535



Seymour Dry Goods Co.

Here we have the fashion elect for fall and winter. Coats and Suits of the most approved design, garments of every new and worthy material, plain tailored models of natty build, fancy trimmed styles rather dressmakerish. Coats the severe long, loose model of semi-fitting slim hip style, and the best of all the famous YANKEE PRINTZESS and Wooltex makes.

Tailored Skirts and Shirt Waists. Come and see, buy what pleases you.

CLAYPOOL & FRY
SUCCESSORS TO L. F. MILLER & CO.

J. L. Blair made a business trip to Osgood this morning.

Attorney Frank Jones attended court at Brownstown today.

Kelso Bottorff made a business trip to Vincennes on No. 1 at noon today.

James Blair has been sick for several days at his home on North Lynn street.

Mrs. H. A. Love will leave this evening for Rayville, La., to join her husband.

Judge Joseph H. Shea went to Brownstown this morning to open the new term of circuit court.

Mrs. H. T. Bennette and daughter, Miss Myrtle, went to Mitchell on No. 1 at noon today to visit relatives.

William H. Wente, of Indianapolis, was in this city this morning and went to Vallonia on the accommodation.

Prosecuting Attorney Oren O. Swails went to Brownstown this morning to look after business in the circuit court.

Mr. and Mrs. William Welmer, of Columbus, were the guests of Alfred Miller and family and Joseph Ackerman and family Sunday.

Judge and Mrs. Jas. H. Jordan, of Martinsville, returned home this morning after spending Sunday here the guests of Judge and Mrs. O. H. Montgomery.

Leander Rucker, of Tampico, was the guest of his son S. G. Rucker and wife, of West Seventh street, Sunday and went to Crothersville Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Jerry McOsker, of Brownstown, will leave on No. 4 Tuesday morning to spend some time at Jackson, Miss., and other points in the south.

Miss Brodhecker, assistant editor of the Brownstown Banner, was in this city this morning en route home from Indianapolis where she had been visiting friends for several days.

State of Ohio City of Toledo, } ss
Lucas County.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the city of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of One Hundred Dollars for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure Frank J. Cheney.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886

(Seal) A. W. Gleason,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.

Sold by all druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation

YOU'LL be prepared for any weather, any sort of activity, business, pleasure, social affairs and any sort of company, if we get you into one of our FINE SUITS or OVERCOATS.

Every Suit or Overcoat we offer you is value for the price. You may pay here for an OVERCOAT
$10 to $25,
For a SUIT
$10 to $30,
and you will get real value for your money in a way that no other clothes can give.

Before buying a Suit or an Overcoat come and see our handsome line.

Sincerity Clothes

Thomas Clothing Co.

NOTICE

I have a beautiful 9 room, 2 story house for sale or trade for small rentals. A fine home, well located.

E. C. Bollinger, Agt. 'Phones { 5 / 186

CONGDON & DURHAM,
Fire, Tornado, Liability,
Accident and Sick Benefit
INSURANCE
Real Estate, Rental Agency
Prompt Attention to All Business

REMOVING
P. COLABUONO,
Ladies' and Gents' Shoemaker. Boot and shoe repairing while you wait. Fine work given special attention.
129 S. Chestnut St., Sprenger Bldg.

Ladies and Gentlemen
Take your old clothes to
THE SEYMOUR TAILORS
And have them put in first class wearing condition.
NORTH CHESTNUT STREET
Next door north of New Pearl Laundry

SUDIE MILLS MATLOCK
Piano Teacher,
Res. Studio: 521 N. Chestnut St.
SEYMOUR, INDIANA.

LEWIS & SWAILS
LAWYERS
SEYMOUR, INDIANA

INSURE YOUR PROPERTY
IN THE
Sun Insurance Office
OF LONDON
198 Years in Business
GEO. SCHAEFER, Agent. 1st Nat. Bank Building.

EXPERT
PIANO TUNING
GUARANTEED
Arthur F. French
SEYMOUR, IND.
Drop a Postal and I Will Call.

ELMER E. DUNLAP,
ARCHITECT
824-828 State Life Bldg. INDIANAPOLIS. Branch Office: Columbus

SEYMOUR DAILY REPUBLICAN
SMITH & REMY, Publishers.
SEYMOUR. INDIANA.

'MY COUNTRY'S' AUTHOR

Samuel Francis Smith and Something About the Popular American Patriotic Song.

At a famous reunion of the Harvard class of 1829 Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes read a playful poem in which his gray-haired classmates were treated still as boys. This was one verse:

And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith—
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith;
But he shouted a song for the brave and the free.
Just read on his medal, "My country—of thee!"

October 21st was the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of the "nice youngster."

Samuel Francis Smith was born in Boston, and in his school days there won honors in Greek and Latin, besides developing a strongly religious turn of mind. After his Harvard course he studied theology at Andover. In 1832, the year of his graduation from the seminary, he fitted the words of "America" to one of the tunes in a collection brought from Germany and turned over to Dr. Lowell Mason. Mr. Smith had written many hymns for the church, including "The Morning Light is Breaking."

"America" was sung first to a great public July 4, 1832, at the Park Street church, Boston. It became immediately popular, being taken up by public schools, Sunday schools and patriotic societies all over the land. Doubtless the music had much to do with the success of the hymn. Certainly Dr. Smith's verses are poor literature, but they are hallowed now by seventy-six years of usage, and critics of their quality are answered best by the fact that nobody has been able to provide a national hymn to displace them.

The tune of "America," which is the tune also of "God Save the King," is founded on a seventeenth century air, originating perhaps in France, adopted for patriotic use in both Germany and Switzerland.—New York World.

UNIQUE STORE HOUSES.

Water Tight Granaries Woven from Willows for Crops.

Indians of the southwest, particularly the extreme southern part of California, make the most unique storehouse for their cereal crops and for the supplies of acorns and berries they gather in the woods.

Logs being scarce and adobe brick-making a slow and wearisome process, these redmen gather hundreds of thousands of green willow withes every fall and from them weave huge baskets during the time when they are not engaged in tilling the soil or gathering the harvest which the few berry fields of the region and the scattered oak trees furnish them.

These baskets, which are cylindrical, floored with the earth, or with a mat of willow withes, and without covers, are often several feet deep and an equal distance in diameter. Into these the wheat or barley or corn or acorns or dried berries are poured without any wrapping of any kind. There they keep well through the dry summer and well on into the next winter, when it is again time to make new baskets.

Where much rain falls or the wind is heavy, covers are made for the basket-granaries and the whole affair is so closely thatched together that not a drop of moisture can enter nor can the wind blow the sand through the weaving.

In localities in which cattle range over the hills or where wild animals such as deer or rabbits are plentiful, the baskets are raised off the ground on frameworks, also made of the ever-present willow and there made more solid so that they last from year to year without being replaced for each new crop. Some such basket storehouses are very old, dating back almost to the days of the padres.—Technical World Magazine.

RECENT LEGAL DECISIONS.

A 2-cent passenger rate act is held, in Pennsylvania R. Co. vs. Philadelphia county, 220 Pa. 100, 68 Atl. 676, 15 L. R.A. (N.S.) 108, to violate a constitutional provision forbidding the Legislature to do injustice to the corporators of the railroad company by the alteration of rates when, although not amounting to actual confiscation, it has an inevitable tendeacy thereto.

A memorandum written on the back of a promissory note at the time of execution, which limits its consideration, affects its operation, and was intended to be a part of the contract, is held, in Kurth vs. Farmers' & M. State bank (Kan.) 94 Pac. 798, 15 L.R.A. (N.S.) 612, to be regarded as a substantive part of the note.

Police commissioners appointed under an unconstitutional law creating the office are held, in Lang vs. Bayonne, 74 N. J. L. 455, 68 Atl. 90, 15 L.R.A. (N.S.) 93, to be de facto officers until the statute is declared to be unconstitutional by the courts, whose acts are binding on persons affected thereby; and therefore it is held that a police officer removed by them cannot compel his reinstatement when the courts pronounce the statute unconstitutional.

The fact that balances from a set of books containing an itemized statement of business transacted by the insured during a portion of the term covered by the policy were carried forward into a new set of books which were kept in a fireproof safe, the old books being exposed to fire, and lost, is held, in Aetna Ins. Co. vs. Mount, 90 Miss. 642, 44 So. 162, 15 L.R.A. (N. S.) 471, not to satisfy the "iron-safe clause" requiring the preservation of complete records of assured's business during the life of the policy.

The right of way and trackage of a street railway are held in Seattle vs. Seattle Elec. Co. (Wash.) 94 Pac. 194, 15 L. R. A.(N.S.) 486, not to be assessable under a power to assess lots, tracts, and parcels of land for the grading of a street.

That a person is "under the influence" of an intoxicant, within the meaning of an accident-insurance policy limiting liability of the company in such cases, when he has recovered from intoxication only so far as to be fairly able to take care of himself, is declared in Grinnell vs. General Acci. Ins. Co. 80 Vt. 526, 68 Atl. 655, 15 L.R.A.(N.S.) 206.

When a buyer refuses to return goods after his attention is called to a palpable mistake made in quoting their price to him at $1 per thousand instead of $10, it is held, in Cunningham Mfg. Co. vs. the Rotograph Co. 30 App. D. C. 524, 15 L.R.A. (N.S.) 368, that he will be deemed to have accepted them at the price at which they are billed; and the fact that the mistake is not discovered until the goods are on his shelves is held to be immaterial.

The assumption by a railroad company of a charter duty to keep highway crossings in repair is held, in Milton vs. Bangor R. & E. Co. (Me.) 68 Atl. 826, 15 L.R.A. (N.S.) 203, to create a liability for failure to do so, and to give a common-law right of action in favor of one damaged thereby.

CAVE SNAKES OF SELANGOR.

Their Curious Coloration and How It Is Suited to Their Habits.

About ten years ago H. N. Ridley made an exploration of the limestone caves at Selangor in the Malay peninsula with the object of ascertaining whether they contained any form of animals specially adapted for life in complete darkness.

The results were disappointing. Neither blind, large eyed nor colorless animals such as inhabit caves in temperate regions were discovered. However, it was found that a snake, Coluber taeniurus, lives in the caves, where it feeds exclusively on the bats sheltering there in extreme abundance, and that these examples are much paler in color than the typical form of this widely distributed species, which inhabits eastern Asia from China to the Malay archipelago, and attains a length of 9½ feet.

Mr. Ridley thus describes the coloration of the cave specimens: The top of the head is bluish gray and there is a black line about an inch long through the eye toward the neck. The neck and back are of a pale ochreous color, each scale being tipped with isabelline, getting paler toward the tail; the center of the back is yellowish, and the belly pale yellowish white. The tail has a white bar along the back line and the under part is also pure white; along the sides runs a purplish gray bar, becoming darker or black toward the tail.

This coloration is remarkably suited to the habits of the snake, which frequents the darkest portions of the caves, often living at a considerable distance from the mouth, but it may sometimes be met with at the mouth. It has a habit of resting on the ledges of rocks in the neighborhood of the exits of the caves, with the head hanging over the edge, so as to capture the bats as they fly in and out.

The walls of the caves, though of white crystalline limestone, are not pure white, but of a pale ochreous yellow, and here and there are black veins running usually vertically down the sides. The coloring of the snake is so exactly that of the walls, the black line on the tail representing the shadow of a crack or projecting vein that the animal when at rest on the walls is often exceedingly difficult to see and readily escapes observation even on the part of those on a careful lookout for them.

Messrs. Annandale and Robinson, who also observed the snake in the Jalor and Selangor caves, say it is usually found in the darkest parts of the caves, but though it seems dazed and purblind when suddenly brought out into a bright light, it soon regains normal vision.—Field.

Joke on the Agent.

The book agent seldom tells a joke at his own expense, but here is one recently related by one of the much maligned fraternity:

"I had been in poor health," said this particular book agent, "and had been advised to go to the mountains of eastern Tennessee to recuperate. To kill two birds with one stone I took along some specimens of an encyclopaedia I had on my list, thinking I might possibly get a few orders. The first person I stacked up against was a typical mountaineer. He was sitting in the sun in front of his shack, watching his wife do the family washing at a little brook that flowed in front of the house. He listened attentively while I got off my little speech, and, although I knew I was up against a hopeless subject, I went through my rigmarole to the very end. He said he allowed he could get along without an encyclopaedia.

"Then I started afresh, and I saw he was getting a trifle bored. 'Why sir, no family is complete without this book,' I exclaimed.

"'Taint, hugh?' he drawled. 'What do you consider a complete family? See them 'ere young 'uns a-playin' about?'

"I nodded.

"'How many d'ye see?' he demanded.

"I counted nine.

"'There's two more at school,' he said, 'an' three boys a-workin' down on the new railroad cut. How many do that make?'

"'Fourteen,' I said.

"Then he commenced to call his dogs, 'See them hounds?' he asked.

"I saw them.

"'Wall, they's six o' them, an' three more offen in the woods.. How many do that make?'

"I told him nine.

"'So no fam'ly is complete without that 'ere book, eh?' he ruminated. 'Pears to me fo'teen children an' nine dawgs is a pu'ty complete fam'ly, an' I hev managed to struggle along without it so fur.'"—New York Times.

Broken Legs and Flowers.

"At a dinner in Philadelphia," said a clergyman, "I once heard the lamented Bishop Potter talk in a most amusing manner about the artistic temperament.

"First he described the contradictions in the characters of Whistler, Poe, Hawthorne and other great Americans. Then he turned to Landor, the great Englishman.

"'Landor,' he said, 'was at the same time the most violent and brutal and most delicate and sensitive of men. He adored flowers. The gardens of his beautiful villa in Florence were full of flowers, and the poet walked among them daily, never plucking them, only bending over them reverently to admire their loveliness and their perfume.

"Landor's cook one day served him a wretched dinner, and in his rage the poet threw the man out of the window into a bed of splendid roses.

"As the cook writhed with a broken leg below Landor from his window exclaimed in a horror stricken voice:

"'Good gracious, I forgot the roses!'"—Washington Star.

A Perfect Identification.

Sig. Arditi, the well known musical conductor, tells the following adventure he had with a bank cashier in an American city. He wished to have a check cashed; but, since the bank cashier did not know Sig. Arditi, he told him he must get himself identified before he could receive any money.

"But I do not know anyone here," protested the musical conductor.

Sig. Arditi thought for a few moments and presently said:

"Do you ever attend the opera, young man?"

"Frequently," said the cashier. "I am very fond of music."

"Then you must know me," and taking off his hat and turning his back upon the cashier, Sig. Arditi beat time vigorously to an imaginary orchestra.

"Oh, yes," exclaimed the cashier. "I know the back of your head very well. You are Sig. Arditi." And he handed out the money to the musician without further ceremony.—Boston Herald.

THE HILL OF DREAMS.

My grief! for the days by an' done,
When I was a young girl straight an' tall
Coming alone at set o' sun
Up the high hill-road from Cushendall.
I thought the miles no hardship then,
Nor the long road weary to my feet—
For the thrushes sang in the cool deep glen,
An' the evenin' air was cool an' sweet.

My head with many a thought was throng
An' many a dream as I never told;
My heart would lift at a wee bird's song,
Or at seein' a Whin-bush crowned with gold.
An' always I'd look back at the say
'Or the turn of the road shut out the sight
Of the long waves curlin' into the bay,
An' breakin' in foam where the sands is white.

I was married young on a dacent man,
As many would call a prudent choice,
But he never could hear how the river ran
Singin' a song in a changin' voice,
Nor thought to see on the bay's blue wather
A ship with yellow sails unfurled,
Bearin' away a king's young daughter
Over the brim of the heavin' world.

The hills seem weary now to my feet,
The miles be's many, and dreams be's few,
The evenin' air's not near so sweet,
The birds don't sing as they used to do.
An' I'm that tired at the top of the hill
That I haven't the heart to turn at all,
To watch the curlin' breakers fill
The wee round bay at Cushendall.

—Helen Lanyon, in the New Ireland Review.

SUBSTITUTE PASTRY.

Clinton Palmer was exceedingly fond of pastry of every description, but he drew the line when he had to eat the kind manufactured by his wife. He had been married three months and prided himself that he possessed the best wife on earth—if she would only not persist in trying to cook pastry.

If Palmer did manage to eat it his wife would be happy and satisfied that her cooking was a success, and Palmer would be sick. Every time he ate a pie or cake of hers it gave him a headache and threw his stomach out of balance. That meant a trip to the doctor the next day. The doctor meant money, and the time Palmer lost from his business had been the means of making him lose a number of good customers who went across the street to his rival, who was fortunate enough not to be married.

Picking up a newspaper Palmer glanced absent-mindedly over the advertisements, and suddenly sat up in his chair and gave a whistle of surprise, for his eyes had fallen upon an advertisement which read in the following peculiar manner:

"Pies and cakes made by young and inexperienced wives, disposed of without suspicion. Satisfaction guaranteed. Reasonable terms. For further particulars address The Newly Wed Pastry company, incorporated, No. 9 John street."

The next day Palmer went down to the address given in the advertisement, which proved to be a luxurious set of offices in a large building. At his request to see the manager he was ushered into the presence of a short, fat-faced man, to whom he stated his business.

"Why, yes, we can help you out of your trouble," confidently asserted the manager with a smile. "Your case is no different from the thousands of others we have handled successfully. How do we manage it? Say, for instance, your wife announces at the breakfast table that she is going to make an apple pie for your dinner that night, which you secretly know will not be fit to eat. You call us up on the phone and make us aware of the fact, and about 5 o'clock our man calls at the house with an apple pie made by our expert cooks, and takes away the pie which your wife made. The transformation is effected by your servant, who is put wise to the game and paid to keep her mouth shut, or by yourself, when the opportunity affords itself."

"It certainly sounds good," admitted Palmer, "but just imagine what'll happen if my wife catches on to the trick."

"There is no need that she should," exclaimed the manager. "If the change is made carefully when she is not around, there is not the least danger of detection and everything works like a charm. You eat the pie and declare that it is the best you have ever tasted, and your wife is perfectly happy and satisfied in the belief that she is a good cook."

"Have you ever experienced any trouble?" asked Palmer, thinking that it was the most unique idea he ever heard of.

'Yes, once," admitted the manager. "A man phoned us that his wife was going to make a custard pie, and we misunderstood him and sent around an apple pie. His wife caught on to the game and got a divorce from him and then the man sued us for breaking up his home, but we won the case. However, that was the only time we ever had any trouble, out of the thousands of customers we have been serving daily."

"Well, if you have accomplished so much for others you can certainly help me out of my dilemma," excxlaimed Palmer, thinking that he saw a way to please his wife and his stomach at the same time. "What are your terms? I want to try your service for about a month"

"Twenty-five dollars a month," replied the manager. "This means the daily furnishing by us of as many pies and cakes as your wife turns out. If you follow out instructions, there is no danger of detection and all parties will be satisfied—you, because you don't have to eat your wife's stuff, and she, because she imagines you like her cooking."

Palmer found out by experience that the Newlyweds' Pastry company, Inc., was one of the greatest blessings he had ever encountered. Any time he or the servant discovered that his wife contemplated making any pastry he would call up the company and arrange to have them send up to the house, just before dinner, and leave a similar pie or cake, and take away the one made by his wife. Several times his wife came near catching them in the act of making the transformation, but so far everything had gone along all right.

"Do you know, dear," his wife said to him one day, "it seems strange not to hear you complain about my cooking any more, and say that it is against the doctor's orders for you to eat any pastry. Now you'll eat anything I make and actually seem to enjoy it. My cooking has improved?" hopefully.

"It certainly has, my dear," Palmer assured her. "It proves that when a woman really sets her mind upon accomplishing a thing she does wonders," winking at the cook. "The pies and cakes are splendid now." This was no falsehood, Palmer assured himself, for he did not state whose pies and cakes.

One day his wife informed him that she was going upon a visit, and that she intended to make a pie which she made him promise he would not eat until she came home next day, as she said the pie would be much better if it was allowed to stand for a day or so. Of course, Palmer promised that he would not eat it, although the temptation would be great, and secretly vowed that the company would handle this pie the same as the others. Wouldn't he have to eat it sooner or later anyway?

His wife baked the pie, placed it in the oven, warned him again not to touch it, and went off on her trip. She had hardly gotten out of the house when Palmer called up the company, and requested them to send up one of their best apple pies and take this particular one away.

When his wife came home and asked Palmer if he had touched the pie, he truthfully answered that he had not, which seemed to please her very much.

"She'll never find out the deception," he assured himself.

"Clinton!" almost shrieked his wife, who was in the kitchen, "come here and look at this pie."

"What's the matter with it?" asked Palmer, as he came out into the kitchen. "Didn't it turn out good?"

"My pie turned out all right," cried his wife, almost in tears, "but this one isn't my pie. While I've been away someone has taken my pie and left this once in its place. Oh, I wish that I had never gone away," bursting into tears.

"Why, I would not take the supposed loss of an old pie so much to heart," exclaimed Palmer soothingly. "One apple pie is the same as another, and you have no sure way of ascertaining whether this is your pie or not."

"But I am sure that this is not my pie," cried the wife, making a brave effort to stop her tears. "When I went away I felt sure that you would be careless about locking the house up at night, so thought of hiding all my jewelry in a place where robbers would never think of looking for it. So I made the pie and put all my jewelry inside the pie. That's why I told you not to touch it until I came home. This is not my pie, for there is not a sign of a tin box in it, and there never was. Clinton Palmer, what did you do with my pie? Tell me the truth."

"The devil," gasped Palmer absent-mindedly leaning against the range and receiving a good burn for his thoughtfulness. "Why didn't you tell me you had something inside the pie, and I never would have left the company take it away. All the jewelry in it? Well, there goes about $10,000 out of the door. It——"

"What company?" interrupted his wife angrily, and smelling a mouse. "Pray tell me, Clinton Palmer, what right had they to take my pie away? Where did this other pie come from?"

Palmer thought that the best way out of this hole was to own up and tell his wife everything, which he did, wishing himself at the other end of the globe while doing so.

When he had finished his wife laughed softly and after looking at him for a moment, said:

"Well, when I married you I gave myself credit for marrying a smart man; but I never imagined that you possessed such a fertile set of grains and were capable of putting them to such good use. This explains why you suddenly ceased growling about my pastry and began to praise it. Well, I'll forgive you this time, for this experience is going to prove a dear lesson for you; but hereafter please have enough faith in me to try and eat my pastry. A good husband will always stand up for his wife's cooking—good or bad."

Palmer tried his best to locate the Newlyweds Pastry company, incorporated, but never succeeded in doing so, for he found that the company had vanished for parts unknown, and were never again heard from. The next best and only thing he could do was to replace his wife's jewelry and eat her pastry without complaint.—Arthur Whitney in the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

None for Jack.

President Samuel P. Colt of the United States Rubber company was discussing in New York the amicable trade agreement that has been made between this firm and the International Rubber company.

"It is best," he said, "for competitors to agree to be fair and honest with one another, and this agreement of ours is a fair and honest one. It is not like those wherein two rivals, while pretending to be fair, yet knife one another continually in the back. Such hypocritical agreements remind me of two children, two little boys I know.

"They were lunching, Billy and Jack, and when the butler brought on the dessert it was seen that there was only one orange in the fruit basket. Instantly Bill, the larger boy, set up a loud bawling.

"'Now, what's the matter?' said the governess. 'What are you crying about, Billy?'

"'I'm cryin',' Billy answered, 'because there's no orange for Jack.'"—New York Sun.

An Immodest Theater.

At the Players' club in New York a prompter said of the late Peter Dailey:

"He had the sunniest, cheeriest disposition. Once I toured with him. The accommodations were sometimes rather rough, and on such occasions the true gold in the man showed forth.

"In a little southern town the dressing rooms were awful. Everybody swore and raged, but Dailey restored them to good humor. Said he:

"'Why this is nothing to what I have been up against at times. I played once in a theater where at the end of every act, the stage manager had to come forward and say:

"'"I must ask the ladies and gentlemen in the audience to be good enough to turn around. The players are about to change their costumes."'"—Washington Star.

Force of Habit.

At a certain county court the judge is, in his private capacity, a very kind-hearted man. The usher of the court is aged—very aged—but as he had been a faithful servant for many years, he was retained in that capacity.

One morning he fell asleep in court and began to snore.

The noise he made naturally disturbed court proceedings, but the judge displayed great tact in dealing with the matter.

"Usher Jones," he called out loudly, "some one is snoring!"

The usher woke up. He jumped to his feet and glared ferociously round.

"Silence!" he roared. "There must be no snoring in court!"—Exchange.

GERMAN PEOPLE RELISH HORSE

KILLED AT IMMACULATE ABATTOIRS UNDER GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION.

EQUINE STEAKS ARE PLENTY.

Cheaper Than Bovine Meat, the Flesh of Man's Friend Fills Many a Sausage.

HOW HORSE MEAT IS COOKED.

Have you ever wandered through any of the German towns and seen, outside of some dingy little shops, a swinging sign with the picture of a horse on it and the legend "Hier ist Rossfleisch zu haben"? writes Cecil Inslee Darrian in the New York Tribune.

It often happens—perhaps one can safely say it invariably happens—that the woman who stands behind the counter in one of these stores is a well-established hausfrau herself and has intimate domestic acquaintance with the choice cuts of horse that she sells.

It was in front of a very little shop in Wilhelm Platz in Koenigsberg, 'way up northeast, near Russia, that an American, on his way down the crooked street from the old schloss, recently noticed this same horse sign just below him—for the street is so steep that what is below you one minute is above you the next. Overcome at last by what he considered a morbid curiosity, though the word is unpleasant to use in connection with what one eats, he ventured into the shop. He had seen the sign all over Germany, and since so many people ate horse American tolerance suggested that perhaps horse was good.

"Will you kindly tell me how much horse is a pound?" asked the intruder, trying not to breathe. Unfortunately for his efforts to sympathize with horse dinners, the place smelt like the morgue.

"Twenty pfennig," she answered.

A rapid passage at mental arithmetic brought the amount to 5 cents American. And, say the horse weighs 800 pounds, he would bring less than $40 as a dish! Who could buy him for that to ride on in the park? Relying on the German good nature and remembering that every one about him seemed to have plenty of time he explained that he was an American and wished he knew something about how horses were eaten.

Not Unappetizing.

The horse is naturally not an unappetizing beast, and the shops in Berlin where you can buy a pound of him to take home in a paper bag are quite exquisite. And there are other aspects of this question of horse meat in Germany. That it is killed under government supervision and at the immaculate abattoirs outside the city limits, and that it is good fresh horse—all this is much to its advantage as healthful eating. In some of the stores, like the little one in Koenigsberg, perhaps they keep him too long; but that is not really his fault. It even happens with cows sometimes.

So many of the Germans eat horse with relish, not only the very poor but the working people, so-called, that they feel no hesitation in talking about it. The woman who lives in a simple little house in the country or town, or in one of the poor but outwardly clean flats in Berlin is quite willing to tell you a few good recipes for fried chop of the horse haunch or tasty roast horse flank.

One of these women whose little log house clings to a slant mountain side led the stranger right into her kitchen. Though a long breath of that keen mountain air brings the appetite to an edge, one does not dare in those regions to say he is hungry enough to eat a horse unless he means it. "You would see some horse cooking?" she flung over her shoulder in her burring, parrot-toned voice. "Eating time is here already. You can sit by the stove and watch to see about the horse."

A Chestnut Tenderloin.

She went at the business of cooking, paying no more attention to him than if he were one of the accustomed children who used to play about and long for the coming meal.

In the steep-rising ground across a foreshortened garden at the back of the hut was dug a cave, secured in its open face by iron clamped wooden doors. A trip to this and a momentary disappearance into its cold shadows produced a flank of dark red meat. This weighty thing seemed no burden to the broad back as she trudged across the garden and through the low door. She cut off a strip of meat in shape like a pork tenderloin, only it was much larger, and this she sprinkled thickly with the coarse German salt and put into the oven.

"So!" she muttered at last, breaking the long silence. "It will soon be ready, and will taste the very same as beef. A nice thing to eat with it is shotten puree. You know what that is? Mashed up peas and herbs."

The fumes of the roast were pleasant. A stranger coming upon the scene from that time on would never have suspected the presence of an unusual animal in the oven.

And no doubt this is so.

Is there a question raised as to whether this meat is good for one? They say that the complexion is the barometer for the stomach. And if this is not yet an exploded theory, then horse must be a tonic. Never did skin and cheeks flare a brighter promise from within than they do among the poorer Germans. Maybe the thin, cool air has something to do with it. But horse does not produce ill effects, certainly.

If any one unfamiliar with Germany and German ways should find in this thought of horse meat a discomfort which will make him afraid to travel in Germany, let him be encouraged not to worry. So unobtrusive is the meek horse—as meek in the pot as in the stall—that the traveler will very likely never so much as hear about the question and will quite certainly never eat any of the meat unawares.

Tulips.

The tulip is ever attractive from its brilliancy of color and delicate markings and its cultivation is by no means difficult. The ground should be a light, loose, sandy loam, well drained. In preparing a bed for tulips it is well to dig the ground quite deep and place some well-rotted manure in the bottom of the excavation, covered so the bulbs will not come in contact with the manure.

The bulbs should be secured and planted in October, about four inches deep and eight inches apart. Holes for planting the bulbs may be made with a dibber or pointed stick, and when the bulb is planted it should be covered with a handful of sand, after which the bed may be raked over and the bulbs thus uniformly covered. It is well to give a light mulch soon after planting, which may be partially removed in the spring.

There are many varieties to be selected from covering a wide range of color and an extended season of bloom. There are single and double sorts. The singles are usually the most pleasing, but do not remain in bloom as long as the double. There are early and late kinds which will give a succession of bloom. A race known as the Darwin (bloom) tulips is becoming popular and are much later in blooming than others and have longer stems, which adds to their value. The parrot tulips with their fantastic forms give pleasing results. Seedsmen and nurserymen's catalogues are as a rule sufficiently explicit for anyone to make satisfactory selections.

SOME NOVEL COMPETITIONS.

Hunting Gold Nugget in Sand in Sidney —Prawning Contests.

Notwithstanding their natural charms and attractions seaside and other holiday resorts would not afford the enjoyment they do if it were not for the extremely interesting, ingenious and popular competitions which are occasionally arranged.

A novel prawning competition took place the other day at Birling Gap, near Beachy Head. It was believed to be the first ever arranged, and it afforded three and a half hours' enjoyment for the contestants. The first honors went to a team hailing from Eastbourne with an average catch to a man of 9 ounces.

The prize for the highest individual catch was awarded J. Bernard, who outdistanced all competitors with 17 ounces. The competition was voted a great success and will doubtless be repeated.

Last season at Sydney, New South Wales, an exceedingly popular competition was organized by the proprietors of a "Wonderful city." A gold nugget valued at £20 was buried in the sand and at a given signal literally thousands of men, women and children were admitted to the treasure grounds.

They at once started digging frantically with spades and shovels with which they had come provided. As they dug and dug the excitement became intense, and as might be supposed, the onlookers numbered thousands. But, alas! nobody had the good fortune to unearth the nugget, so its value was presented to charities.

Last August sack and other races were held on the sands at Filey, a select Yorkshire watering place. Among the competitors were the sons of some of the ruling chiefs of native states of India. In a sack race for boys under the age of 12 years the competitors included the heir to the Sultanate of Johore, Prince Abu Bakir and Prince Ahmed. The latter was successful in carrying off the second prize.—London Tit-Bits.

Hints from the Nursery.

An anxious mother determined to ring up the day nursery to ask for some advice as to her child. The following conversation ensued:

"I called for the nursery. Is this the nursery?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"I am so worried about my little Rose."

"Vat seems to be der madder?"

"Oh, not so very much, perhaps, but just a gentle listnessness and lack of life."

"Ain'd growing righd, eh?"

"No, sir."

"Vell, I vill dell you vat to do. You dake der scissors und cut off aboud two inches from der limbs und"—

"Wha-a-at?"

"I say, dake der scissors and cut off aboud two inches from der limbs, und den turn der garten hose on it for aboud for hours in der morning"—

"Wha-a-at?" and the receiver vibrated at her tone.

"Turn der garten hose on for aboud four hours in der morning, und den pile a lot of plack dirt all around und shprinkel mit insegt powter all ofer der top"—

"Sir-r-r!"

"Shprinkle mit insegt powter all ofer der top. You know usually it is noddings put pugs dot"—

"How dare you, sir? What do you mean by such language to me!"

"Noddings put pugs usually causes der troubles, und den you want to vash der rose wit a liquid preparations I haf for sale here"—

"Who in the world are you, anyway?"

"Gottfried Gluber, der florist."

"O-o-oh!" rather weakly. "Good-bye."—Judge.

Girl Scares Herself Into Hydrophobia.

Doctors in Bellevue hospital in New York are watching with interest what is thought to be a case of pseudo hydrophobia.

The girl is Dora Klapkin of 221 East One Hundred and Twenty-first street. July 5 last her aunt, Mrs. Sophia Thaler, became ill at her home and the girl helped nurse her. The illness developed into insanity. One day while bending over the patient's bed to give her a glass of water, the desire for which precludes the idea of hydrophobia in the aunt, the girl was bitten on the left cheek. Mrs. Thaler's condition grew so bad that she was removed to Bellevue hospital and then transferred to the asylum at Central Islip, L. I., where she died on July 14.

Dora Klopkin went on about her duties and was apparently in the best of health and spirits. Not long ago, however, some one told her that her aunt really had been bitten by a dog and had died of hydrophobia. The girl is said to have taken the remark to heart and to have bought several books and read much on the subject of rabies. She became sullen and grew thin and listless worrying over the matter. On Saturday last she suddenly fell in a faint on the floor and when a doctor was called he found her in convulsions.

Migratory Birds.

For some time naturalists in East Prussia have been endeavoring to ascertain definitely the destination of migratory birds. Two years ago a large number of these birds were caught and a light metal ring with a number and date stamped on it was fastened around one foot of each bird, which was then set at liberty. The experiment, says the Dresden correspondent of The Pall Mall Gazette," has proved successful, some of these marked birds having been found at extraordinary distances. A lake fowl, with a ring dated July 26, 1907, was shot in El Bahira, Tunis, and a stork, with a ring dated July 5, 1907, was killed near Fort Jameson, Rhodesia, far beyond the equator. It has long been known that the house storks winter in great numbers in Egypt, and that many also fly as far as Central Africa and German East Africa, but that a stork would fly so far as from North Germany to Southern Africa was never suspected.

Reflections.

Why is the self-made man always so satisfied with his job?

There is only one perfect man, and he, alas! is dead. We refer to her first husband.

"Go to the ant, thou sluggard," is excellent advice, but the obstinate sluggard always goes to his uncle.

When in need of a wife it is not essential to pick out a girl who carries in her handbag a mirror and a powder puff.

In the economy of nature nothing is lost. The contents of a bottle may make two men supremely happy, and then the bottle itself, tossed carelessly in the road, will ruin a fifty-dollar automobile tire. —The Bohemian Magazine.

—The cry of a wounded hare resembles that of a child in distress.

SERVED A YEAR TO MAKE A FORTUNE

"GREEN GOODS" WORKER CLEARED $50,000 AND TOOK HIS PUNISHMENT.

CALLS BARGAIN A SHREWD ONE

Certain of Punishment, but Persisted in Swindling Game—Now Enjoying Loot.

DID TIME IN MILWAUKEE PRISON.

Would you serve one year in the workhouse for $50,000, the salary of the President of the United States, shorn of its social and comfortable surroundings in the white house?

This sum can be made in dealing in "green goods," provided the offender of the postal laws of Uncle Sam is not caught before his profits reach this large and almost unbelievable figure. Though the occupation is in violation of the penal code of the United States, it has been followed and still is followed by many, who resigned to their fate, are ready to enter a federal prison or other designated place of confinement to serve their time and then enjoy the fruits of "graft" and "theft."

The "green goods" operator may enjoy social distinction when at his work, for few outside of the detectives of the United States and his victims, know the line of work he is following. Remorse is bitter, and it is a great fall from society to prison, but then it is only for one year, and at a salary, in advance, of $1000 per week.

In the Milwaukee house of correction there was liberated a few months ago E. M. Behr, convicted in the United States circuit court for the western district of Wisconsin, a "green goods" operator, whose winnings in the game of chance with the federal sleuths and "pocket picking" with "the ready-to-be-skinned" reached a total of $50,000.

This estimate was made by federal postal inspectors, whose investigations placed them in direct contact with Behr, his methods and next door to his bank account. In pursuit of this evidence, E. E. Fraser, postal inspector at La Crosse, Wis., found that Behr had received over $25,000 in fewer than six months. This was during the time when the mail of Behr was confiscated, opened and the money returned to victims. The investigation allowed the postal inspector to examine the postal and money order records, and the result was amazing. Over $50,000 had been received in a year, and no account was made of express money orders, where an investigation was not allowed.

Behr was arrested by Postal Inspector Fraser on a charge of "green goods" grafting, using the mails to defraud. He denied the charge, waived preliminary hearing, and furnished cash bail, going to the bank to secure the founds. Then he hired the best attorney in western Wisconsin, for his savings account was large, and began a fight for his liberty.

The prisoner realized and admitted that his chances of acquittal before a jury were slim. While learning this game of "graft," Behr had seen his teacher convicted of the same charge, and sentenced to one year in prison in Arkansas. The game was being worked in the south at that time, and Behr quickly left for the north in pursuit of more money, easily made. He knew the possibilities, his ultimate arrest and the final punishment.

Behr conducted operations through a system of advertising in the cheapest magazines, those sold for a few cents for a year. So closely were the lines drawn between the "ads" that the inquisitive, those ready to get rich without work, even though defrauding the United States, that the prisoner hoped for acquittal. He expected to show that the "purchaser" expected to receive counterfeit money, though no mention was made.

Through carefully worded advertisements, the gullible were drawn. Pictures, "exact imitations, which cannot be told from the original" was one expression used, while large dollar signs ($) decorated the "ad." The inference was cast between the lines that counterfeit money was to be sold, but Behr had evaded this form of wording shrewdly and preyed upon gullibility of his victims.

In reply to the advertisements came a score of letters, all from the lower strata of human life. Enclosed were money orders, express orders and cash. Some contained $10, others $50, and some mounted into the hundreds.

All jumped at the chance to get rich. Poor men, honest at heart, but ready to turn a dishonest hand to gain wealth, parted with scant earnings to avail themselves of this "golden" opportunity.

In his office in the back room of a small La Crosse office building, Behr opened the letters, extracted the money, and sent pictures, steel engravings, photogravures, in return. Each victim received a full allotment, all his money called for. Some of the packages bordered on freight shipment size, so anxious were many to become rich in a day. Theirs probably was a look of disgust when the packages were opened, and the pictures, the evidence afterward showed, could be bought in lots of 100 for less than $1.00.

When complaints reached the postal department, an investigation was started. Behr's mail had reached an enormous pile, and attracted attention. Finally a fraud order was issued, the mail confiscated, opened; and the money or express orders, or cash returned. In six months a total of over $25,000 was returned by the postal officials.

During the trial Behr was confronted with his "victims." The United States had spent over $2800 in witness fees to convict this criminal. From the west came the rancher and farmer, from the east and south came negroes, poor laborers, domestics, and all classes, from the north the immigrant farmer, for he, too, had tried the scheme. All were bitter, and thirsted for revenge. Their testimony was strong and convincing. They opened their thoughts to the court and jury, telling what was expected, and what was received. Complaints to Behr, asking for a return of the money, never were answered. Behr did not mention money in his "ads," much less "money returned if the purchase is unsatisfactory."

Behr's attorney pleaded that he had made no mention of fraud or counterfeit money, that the criminal intent lie wholly with the purchaser. Innocent looking, immacutely dressed, Behr did not take the stand. He remained at his lawyer's side, his fox like eyes glancing from juryman to juryman.

The jury brought in a verdict of guilty.

Behr was anxious, anxious to know what would be his punishment, that he might pay his attorney, any miscellaneous debts contracted, and then figure out his profits.

Judge Sanborn imposed a penalty of one year in the Milwaukee municipal prison.

Behr smiled. To him it meant $1000 recompense per week for his violation of the federal laws.

Resigned, he expected punishment for his misdeeds, two, three or five years, at a comfortable salary. He entered the work house and served his term. He is out now enjoying the fruits of his operations. He figured on this when money poured to his office.

WHAT LABOR IS DOING

To give work to the unemployed San Francisco will employ about 3000 men on municipal improvements.

In Liverpool, England, 10,000 longshoremen are idle and the docks are filled with sailors and officers looking for berths.

The number of men employed in the shipbuilding trades on the Mersey and Tyne has decreased 20,000 compared with last year.

Lord Dunraven has given $2500 to Limerick, Ireland, to establish two scholarships in industrial training in the city and county.

The Scotland Miners' federation has approved of the action of its representatives in accepting the proposed reduction of 12½ per cent.

The Garment Workers' union of Portland, Ore., has entered into an agreement with the factory proprietors that provides for forty-eight hours of work a week.

The Glasgow (Scotland) relief committee reports that it expects to have to provide for 8000 heads of families who are out of work, and is asking for $50,000 emergency contribution.

The Canadian textile workers have decided that the weekly contributions should be increased from 8 to 25 cents a week, and that representation should be made to the government to enforce the law in regard to the working time of women and children.

The Boot and Shoe Workers' International union claims that its system of collecting 25 cents a week in dues saves it from the fear of strikes, and in such emergency does away with the necessity of calling upon sister crafts for financial aid. High dues also enable the union to prosecute more successfully its campaign for the union stamp.

At the seventeenth annual convention of the United Brewery Workers of America, held in New York recently, there were delegates representing 378 local unions, with a membership of approximately 40,000. The International Union of the Brewery Workers was organized in Baltimore in 1886, when there were but eight local unions and a membership roll of barely 6000.

The engineers of the Canadian Northern have applied for a Dominion arbitration board, and ask for an entirely new schedule, which includes a revision of working hours, a rearrangement of routes with respect to senior and junior employes, and an increase in the wage schedules of 10 to 15 per cent. There is said to be no possibility of any serious trouble between the company and the men.

The International Association of Plasterers at its recent convention at New Orleans determined to affiliate with the American Federation of Labor. The issue was carried after considerable debate by a two-thirds majority. Boston, St. Louis and New York favored the affiliation, while Philadelphia and Chicago opposed it. There seems to be general satisfaction that this point at issue has at last been decided.

It is reported that some 4000 joiners and carpenters in Buda-Pesth, Hungary, have been locked out. The reason alleged is that the men boycotted the works of fourteen firms which had refused to concede the advance of 10 per cent. in wages, as demanded by the men. The other firms resented this, and all of them agreed upon a lockout, which was promptly put into effect. All efforts to arbitrate the differences or bring about a settlement of the trouble have failed so far.

SIXTY THOUSAND TON LINERS.

One of Them Will Be Heavier Than the Spanish Armada.

The name of the second of the two great liners which are to be built for the White Star Line at Harland & Wolff's yards, at Belfast, is officially announced. It will be the Titanic.

Incidentally, it was announced that the tonnage of each vessel will be about 60,000, which is nearly twice that of the Mauretania, the largest vessel afloat. The keel blocks for the first of these gigantic ships, the Olympic, were laid down at Belfast. The keel blocks for the Titanic will be laid down early in January next. The Olympic and the Titanic will represent the greatest stride ever made in naval architecture. They will be nearly 1000 feet long and about 80 feet broad. It is expected that they will average in speed twenty-one knots. They will be equipped with a combination of turbine and reciprocating engines. The cost of the two ships will be about $17,500,000. The following figures show, in comparison, these two great ships with the greatest ships now afloat and with some of the other famous ships of their day:

	Tonnage.	Length in feet.
Titanic	60,000	1000
Olympic	60,000	1000
Mauretania	31,938	762
Lusitania	31,550	762
Adriatic	24,541	709
Baltic	23,876	709

The tonnage of either the Titanic or the Olympic will be more than the total tonnage of the Spanish Armada, which was 59,120. The tonnage of the English fleet which opposed it was less than half that amount.

For the construction of these giant vessels two new slips, each more than 1000 feet long and capable of bearing a weight of 75,000 tons, have been built, and the greatest gantry in the world has been installed.

Only One Pupil in School District.

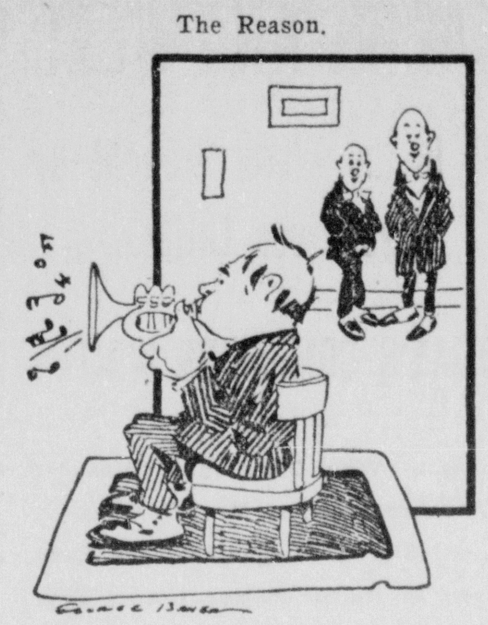
Johnny Jergensen, 11 years of age, probably couples the most peculiar position of any pupil under the public school system in the United States. He is the only child of school age in the district near Kettle Falls, Ferry county, Wash., and has a teacher all to himself.

The instructor is M. R. Honeyman, formerly of Spokane, who took charge of the school early this month. There were three pupils at the beginning of the term, soon after which the parents of two of them moved out of the district, taking their children with them. The district is regularly organized and has a school board, with chairman, secretary and treasurer.

It also has ample funds to its credit, and in addition to this the state makes an appropriation of 7 cents a school day in the year for each pupil. This is the highest appropriation of any state in the Union.—Spokane Cor. Anaconda Standard.

THE SPICE OF LIFE.

The Reason.



Riggs—I understand that you encourage your son to practice on the cornet.

Griggs—Yes, sir. He's only been playing two months—but today I bought the house next door to me for one-half of its value.

Bearding the Lion.

Half hoping to be creditor
Unto a certain editor,
  I sought his sanctum high,
"I've here," said I, "in manuscript,
A spicy story," and I slipped
  It underneath his eye.
"What's about?" he turned his head.
"About a thousand words," I said.
  It was a sorry quib.

The sheets he seized at me to fling.
But "spicy" I had called the thing,
  And so he took a dip.
"Why, this is stuff about a bear,"
He growled—"there's nothing spicy here.
  Vamoose! Be on the run."
"Hold on!" said I; "don't hasty be.
Spicy! Great Scott, man, don't you see?
  The bear's a cinnamon!"

Clang! came upward from the street.
"I'll take his head, you take his feet,"
  Faintly I heard one say.
A lift—a long, swift ride—I've been
Three solid weeks in Ward Thirteen—
  I'm limping home today.
    —Boston Transcript.

What He Broke.

Mrs. Jones of Reading had a Japanese servant who had a habit of trying to conceal from his mistress any breakage of dishes. She told him it was wicked to deceive and in the future to always tell her when he broke anything.

One day, while she was entertaining some friends in the parlor, he suddenly appeared and said:

"Mrs. Jones, you tella me when I break something to tella you. I break my pants."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Brother Dickey's Remarks.

"De turkey, lak' de 'possum sly;
  De lesson what he teach
Is—w'en de turkey roostin' high
  You got ter have de reach!

"No use ter stan' an' reach;
Dat lesson's what he teach;
    High an' low
    Hit's des no go—
You got to have de reach!

"De same way wid de 'possum,
  An' he de sweetest peach!
W'en 'simmons in full blossom
You got ter have de reach!

"No use ter stan' an' preach!
Dat lesson's what he teach;
    High an' low,
    Hit's des no go.—
You got ter have de reach!
    —Atlanta Constitution.

Drawing the Line.

"What's the charge against this woman's husband?"

"Psychic cruelty," answered the plaintiff's lawyer.

"Case dismissed. Come into this court again with such a case and I'll fine you twenty-five materialistic pieces of money commonly called dollars."—Louisville Courier Journal.

Very Personal.

Congressman Reeder of the Sixth district tells this story on himself: Meeting an old German farmer in Lincoln county he extended his hand, saying, "My name is Reeder. I'm a candidate for Congress." "Well," replied the farmer, "I hope you make a better one than we got now."—Kansas City Star.

How It Grows.

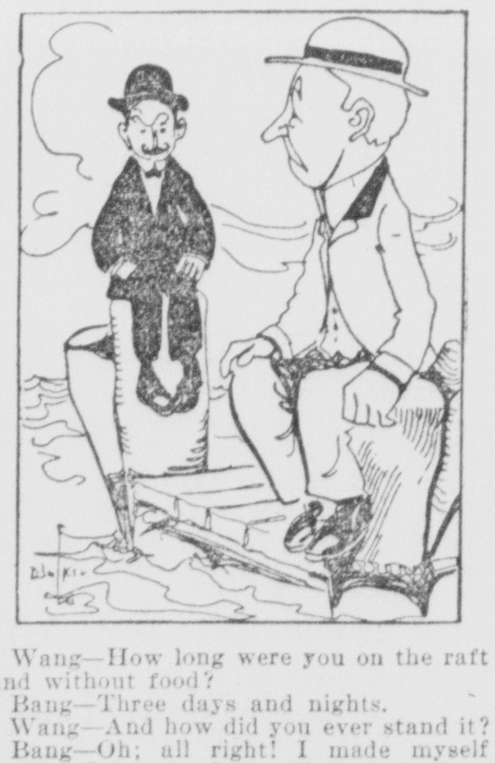
A personal adventure,
  A tale of love or stress,
Related ten years later
  Does not thereby grow less.
The fellow, who relates it
  About himself takes care
To see that every pleasing
  Embellishment is there.

Perhaps he had occasion
  Some smaller man to lick
Who played on him a hateful
  And most unlovely trick,
But when he has to view it
  Across of years a span
He'll have it his opponent
  Was twice as large a man.

Or maybe in a contest
  To win a lovely lass
Good fortune went against him
  And sent his hopes to grass.
But when in time his ringlets
  Have turned to gray from brown,
His version of the story
  Will say he turned her down.

It's only human nature
  For men at later date
To make themselves the heroes,
  The sure enough near great.
If they were ever vanquished,
  If humbled was their pride,
They very soon forget it
  And tell the other side.
    —Nashville American.

Realistic.



Wang—How long were you on the raft and without food?

Bang—Three days and nights.

Wang—And how did you ever stand it?

Bang—Oh; all right! I made myself believe I was at home, that we had no maid and my wife was doing the cooking.

Anticipated Cause for Sorrow.

Ina came in from the country on her fifth birthday to visit her cousin May. At night they were put to bed early. An hour passed, when heart-breaking sobs were heard from the children's bedroom.

"What is the matter, children?" asked May's mother, entering the dark room.

From under the bedclothes Ina sobbed out, "May won't give me any of her peanuts."

"But May has no peanuts," replied her aunt.

"I know that," sobbed Ina, "but she said if she did have peanuts she wouldn't give me any."—The Delineator.

Memorized.

Instructor—Mr. Smith, kindly name the bones of the skull.

Student Smith—Well, sir, I've got them all in my head, but I can't think of their names just now.—Bohemian.

A Puzzle.

"Hello," cried young Mr. Newliwed, entering the kitchen, "making some bread, eh? Or is it cake?"

"I don't now," replied the dear little bride, with a despairing frown, "I haven't finished yet."—Philadelphia Press.

Too Thin.

Waiter (who has just served up some soup)—Looks uncommonly like rain, sir.

Diner—Yes, by Jove, and tastes like it, too! Bring me some thick soup."—The Tatler.

The Determining Teeth.

Teacher—Johnny, can you inform the class as to how the age of a chicken is determined?

Johnny—Yes'm. By the teeth.

Teacher—Why, Johnny, chickens have no teeth.

Johnny—No'm. But we have.—Bohemian.

In a Tail-End Town.

"Tell me the old, old story, dear."

"The old, old story? You mean the one about our team having pennant-winning hopes?"—Washington Herald.

A Foolish Question.

Spectator—Bub, which one of those men working on that excavation is the boss?

Water Boy—Aw, can't youse see they're all Irishmen?—Bohemian.

A Hot Retort.

Mrs. Newwed (during their second quarrel)—I know you love me no longer. I can see how you've changed. I'm no fool. You should have married somebody stupider.

Mr. Newwed—I couldn't find one.

Where His Treasure Was.

"When they take women away from the co-educational college," said the speaker, "what will follow?"

"I will," cried a voice from the audience.—Success Magazine.

The Floor—A Toast.

Here's to the floor,
  Our best friend of all,
Who sticks to us close,
  In the time of our fall.
When benches are fickle
  And tables betray
And rugs are revolving
  He meets us half-way.
Our stay and support,
  When we can't stand alone,
With the floor for a backer,
  We'll never be thrown.
Here's to our best friend,
  In life's every stage!
Dry nurse of infancy,
  Wet nurse of age!
A health to our floor!
  Supporter and stay;
Though he often be full,
  May he never give way!
—Oliver Herford in Collier's Weekly.

A Disagreeable Difference.

"Why is a gun like a cat?" asked the conundrum fiend.

"I dunno," replied the victim.

"Because they both go off."

"But there's a difference."

"What is it?"

"The cat comes back."—Harper's Weekly.

How He Found It.

"How did you find the steak, sir?" asked the waiter at the cheap restaurant of the man who had dined.

"By perseverance," was the reply. "The morsel was hiding under a Brussels sprout; but I tracked him down."—Chicago Journal.

Appealing to Her Weakness.

Geraldine—No, I cannot marry you.

Gerald—But I know a minister who will perform the ceremony for $4.99.

Geraldine—I am yours.—Bohemian.

The Morning's Catch.

Father—Well, Gladys, where have you been all morning?

Daughter—I went fishing with Tom.

Father—Hm! Did you get a good catch?

Daughter—No; only Tom!—Town Topics.

Louise—What were the favors at Mrs. Howard's dinner?

Julia—Motor cars.

Louise—What horsepower?

Julia—Only thirty.

Louise—Isn't she the stingy old gargoyle?—Bohemian Magazine.

Something Lacking.

A certain drill sergeant, whose severity had made him unpopular with his company, was putting a squad of recruits through the funeral exercise. Opening the ranks so as to admit the passage of the supposed cortege between them, the instructor, by way of practical explanation, walked slowly down the lane formed by the two ranks, saying as he did so: "Now, I am the corpse. Pay attention!"

Having reached the end of the party, he turned round, regarded them with a scrutinizing eye for a moment or two, then remarked:

"Your 'ands is right and your 'eads is right, but you 'aven't got that look of regret you ought to 'ave."—Tit-Bits.

Woman's Privilege.

He—When we are married we must both think alike.

She—Yes; but I'll think first.—English Society.

HARDWOOD FORESTS DECREASING.

Manufacturers Are Now Using New Zealand Timber of Excellent Variety.

Far-off New Zealand is the latest country to which forest experts have turned in seeking substitutes for the valuable American woods used by the furniture, cooperage, implement and similar wood-using industries.

Manufacturers in this country have been facing a constantly decreasing supply af available hardwood timber for a number of years and the time is already at hand when efforts must be made to look to the preservation of the American species most in demand and to scour foreign lands for trees which may prove valuable as substitutes.

Seven different New Zealand hardwood trees have just been put through a series of tests by the United States forest service in co-operation with the University of California in the timber testing laboratory at Berkeley. The trees showed up remarkably well in comparison with white oak, which is one of the strongest woods in the United States, developing under test when in an air dry condition a crushing strength of 8500 pounds per square inch and a bending strength of 13,100 pounds per square inch.

Four of the seven New Zealand woods tested developed a bending strength even greater than white oak and three of the woods showed a greater crushing strength. The New Zealand woods found to have a bending strength as high or higher than oak were the Black Maire, Matai, Puriri, and silver pine, while the first three of these have in addition developed a greater crushing strength than oak.

An idea of the true strength of these woods is given in the technical report which shows that with white oak at 1.00 the compressive or crushing strength of the New Zealand woods is as follows: Black Mari*, 1.18; Matai, 1.05, and Puriri, 1.21. The wods which developed an equal or greater bending strength are as follows: Matai, 1.22; Silver Pine, 1.00; Puriri, 1.41, and Black Maire, 1.56. The last figure shows that this wood has more than one and one-half times the bending strength of oak.

The woods tested which fell below the strength of oak (1.00) were Rimu, .68 for compression or crushing strength and .86 for bending; Kauri, .70 for compression and .94 for bending, and Totara, .57 for compression and .70 for bending. The showing even for the last three woods is not bad when it is considered that the compression is made with clear straight-grained white oak.

These strength tests of seven of New Zealand's most valuable timbers may prove of the greatest benefit to certain American manufacturing interests if experiment shows that the woods can be introduced into this country and planted with the same success as the eucalyptus of New Zealand and Australia or if it is found that the islands have enough of the various species to import a little to this country.

The United States will not be able to depend on imports to any great extent, for wood users realize that there is an approaching shortage of timber in other countries as well as this and each nation must cultivate and protect its own forests. It is therefore likely that planting experiments will be made with many of the valuable foreign woods, in view of the success made with the eucalypts in California.

American hardwoods are in constantly decreasing supply and if foreign trees are found to meet the same uses to which white oak and hickory are put it will afford an opportunity to replenish the native supply by well directed planting. The hardwoods practically all grow in the eastern and central western states, where there are no national forests, although a plan has been proposed a number of times for their establishment in the White mountains of New England and the Appalachians in the south. For the present the protection and conservation of the country's hardwood resources depend upon the individuals and corporations which own the land.

The Bearded Ghost.

"Mark Twain on the Minnetonka," said a Duluth man, "talked a good deal about Christian Science, to which he is strongly opposed. What I want to tell you is a story Mark Twain told me on the subject of Christian Science.

"He said that the attempts of Christian Scientists to prove their system scientifically were about as truly scientific as the method of a widow he used to know in Hartford.

"This widow, at a sewing circle, announced one day that the hair grew after death. This was a positive fact. She had scientific proof of it.

"'How ghastly!' said a young girl. 'And how did you get this proof, Mrs. Jones?'

"'Well,' Mrs. Jones answered, 'I believe in spiritualism, and last Saturday night I attended a seance.

"'The room was very dark and still. We held one another's hands. In the darkness and the stillness the medium materialized poor, dear Joseph for me.

"'I recognized his dim outlines. He approached softly. He bent over and kissed me, sweetly and tenderly, on the lips. And do you know——'

"She paused to give weight to her words.

"'And do you know, whereas Joe was clean-shaven in life, he now has the softest, silkiest moustache and beard.'"—New York Tribune.

Had Cats to Give Away.

The Chevalier Alberto Bassini of New York, at one time the leading tenor in opera at La Scala, godson of the great Verdi, music teacher to the Queen of Portugal, and the King of Italy, and a friend to all dumb animals, had twenty-eight cats—about twenty-seven more than he could take care of. He took in his twenty-eighth the other morning and found there was barely room left for his most promising pupil. The young woman was prepared to sing Azucena's aria, "Stride la Vampa," when the twenty-eighth cat began a suffragette argument with the other twenty-seven, and the music lesson began with an obligato that would have given ideas in cacophony to Richard Strauss. "Mater Beatissima!" moaned the chevalier. "It is time to get rid of a few cats." A friend went to the telephone and informed the newspapers that Bassini had many cats to give away. The news was rushed for the early afternoon editions. The chevalier finished with his pupils and sat down for a glass of wine. The bell rang. A deaf woman was at the door. She said she wanted a few cats. The chevalier gave her as many as she could carry. She was followed by a dozen other women. They swamped the apartment house, all demanding and receiving cats.

This Is Oldest Organ.

In the Baltic sea, forty miles from the mainland, lies the Swedish island Gothland, a mecca for students of early Gothic architecture. In Wisby alone, the chief town of the island, with a population of 8000, may be studied what remains of no less than ten churches, some of which date from the eleventh and twelfth centuries. The oldest of them is the Church of the Holy Ghost, completed about 1046.

Prof. Hennerberg, director in a German music school, and especially interested in the study of medieval organs, visited fifty-nine churches in Gothland, and in a little village called Sundre came upon the remnant of what is unquestionably the oldest knows organ in existence. The case alone has survived the fret of seven centuries, the holes for pedals and manuals are placed as in modern instruments, and inside one can see the chamber for the bellows and judge of their action; the exterior is adorned with paintings dating from about 1240.

When this ancient instrument could no longer serve its original purpose it was used as a sacristy, and for the safeguard of holy vessels and vestments was kept in careful repair, hence its excellent preservation to our day.—St. Louis Times.

MUSIC FROM BLACKING BOXES.

Strange Instruments Used by a Wandering Mexican Minstrel.

Mexico's musical freaks are to be found everywhere, from the boy who climbs onto the street car in the metropolis and sings in a rasping voice of how he supports his aged mother by singing and plans to go some time to the conservatory to study to the guitar players of La Barca, who run violent opposition on the station platform with Spanish renditions of "After the Ball" and "McGinty."

Every town has them and every village can raise one if the stranger stops long enough.

By far the most original, however, not only in the conception of his scheme but in the wonderful excellence of his rendition, is the blind beggar who plays on empty blacking boxes. The use of such instruments is not unknown in other parts, but here is a blind man who squats beside a wall and with some thirty blacking boxes of various sizes spread out before him plays many tunes most wonderfully well, rendering music at the same time that he gives a remarkable demonstration of skil lat handling his strange instruments.

His usual haunt is one of the railway stations, where he will sit in the sun with a crowd about him and play tune after tune, raising his boxes to certain heights, greater or less as they require, and dropping them to the stone paving.

The reportory of this artist (for he can hardly be called less) includes a number of popular Mexican songs, such as "La Paloma," "Las Golondrinas," "Lindas Mexicanas," the "Hymno Nacional, etc. He also plays on accasions selections from "Il Trovatore" and other operas, the simpler things, to be sure, but still classical music, with no people enjoy more than the Mexicans.—Mexican Herald.

DRINKS FROM GAS JETS.

One Way of Evading the Prohibition Law in Maine.

Eben W. Sears of Lynn has returned from his vacation in Lewiston, Me., with a remarkable tale of the way liquor is served in the prohibition state. Sears says that a friend took him into a place where several men were drinking and ordered some beer. The room was without furniture or fixtures, save for one table, a few chairs and the gas jets.

While Sears was wondering where the beer was to come from the proprietor stepped to a gas jet and turned it on, whereat the amber fluid flowed forth as from the spigot of a keg. The proprietor filled the glasses of Sears and his friend, and then two other for customers drew forth two mugs of ale from another gas jet. After that he produced a glass of whisky from a third jet.

Seeing that there was several more gas jets in the room Sears, as a test of the proprietor's resources, was about to call for a Martini cocktail when suddenly there were alarms and scurrying without, followed by a noise like a squad of liquor deputies.

Instantly the proprietor sprang to a corner and pressed an invisible button. Wondering what the effect of this might be Sears turned on the beer gas jet, but nothing came forth.

"The gas is shut off," said the proprietor with a wink. Sears was unable to learn where the liquor came from. He says he thinks the proprietor had tanks in the walls.—Boston Herald.

A Primitive Hotel.

Rev. M. G. Dickinson of the Second Baptist church of Hoboken was discussing a brilliant and successful war that he had made on the sheath skirt

"The fact is," said Dr. Dickinson smiling, "a good many women have lost sight of the purpose of the dress. They are misusing dress as—as—

"But listen.

"A friend of mine stopped over night in a rough mining camp. The sole hotel's accommodations were most inadequate. My friend had no sugar for his coffee.

"'Waiter,' he called impatiently, rapping his tin cup with his knife. 'Waiter, sugar!'

"The waiter took his cigar from his mouth and laid his soiled hand on my friend's shoulder in kindly fashion.

"'Sorry, boss,' he said, 'but ye'll hev to wait a few minutes for the sugar, which there ain't but three lumps in the house, an' them Redface Leary an' Stump Jerome is usin' jest at present. They got 'em marked an' are shakin dice with em. But I'll fetch 'em in the minute the boys is through.'"—Washington Star.

One Thing Was Certain.

When Carol was nearly 4 years old, her parents had occasion to move into another part of town, and one morning, when a strange little girl wandered into the yard, Carol, who is an only child, was delighted with the idea of a playfellow.

"Good morning, little girl," she called out brightly. "Did you tome to play wiv me?"

The little girl, who was older and larger than Carol, stared and was dumb.

"What's your name, little girl?" Carol proceeded.

No answer.

"Are you five?"

Still no answer.

"Are you six?"

The child fidgeted and grinned, but remained silent with her finger in her mouth.

Carol surveyed her calmly a moment and then remarked emphatically, "Well, I don't know your name, and I don't know how old you are, but I do know your aren't very smart for your age!"—The Delineator.

Won Their Eternal Gratitude.

Dr. Lesser, of the New York Red Cross hospital, has won fame and the eternal gratitude of the medical students by his new invention, which will enable them to witness operations without attending clinic or going even near the operating room. They may now continue their baseball or football practice on the campus, without missing the opportunity of seeing some poor patient cut to slices on the operating table. These clinics used to be a source of great annoyance to the students, who were frequently compelled to interrupt their most important work on the campus to attend some uninteresting operation. It is to be hoped that some clever professor will invent, in the near future, some kind of book which, if placed under the pillow, will impart its contents to the somnolent brains of the student, while he is resting from his exertions on the athletic field.

The Ineffective Motor Hooter.

We do not want the siren, nor yet the whistle, nor yet the bell, but unless some advance is secured in motor hooters we shall find ourselves compelled to adopt some additional form of giving effective warning of approach.—Motoring Illustrated.

Cough Caution

Never, positively never poison your lungs. If you cough—even from a simple cold only—you should always heal, soothe, and ease the irritated bronchial tubes. Don't blindly suppress it with a stupefying poison. It's strange how some things finally come about. For twenty years Dr. Shoop has constantly warned people not to take cough mixtures or prescriptions containing Opium, Chloroform, or similar poisons. And now—a little late though—Congress says "Put it on the label, if poisons are in your Cough Mixture." Good! Very good!! Hereafter for this very reason mothers, and others, should insist on having Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. No poison marks on Dr. Shoop's labels—and none in the medicine, else it must by law be on the label. And it's not only safe, but it is said to be by those that know it best, a truly remarkable cough remedy. Take no chance then, particularly with your children. Insist on having Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. Compare carefully the Dr. Shoop package with others and note the difference. No poison marks there! You can always be on the safe side by demanding

Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure

A. J. PELLANS.

STILL AN AUTOCRACY

Persian Hopes of a Constitution Dashed by the Shah.

Teheran, Nov. 23.—The shah of Persia has definitely decided that the people shall not have a constitution, and his proclamation to that effect was posted in the mosques today. It has been evident for some time past that the shah was becoming less and less disposed to summoning parliament, and only recently during an audience which he gave to the representatives of the merchants, he showed signs of anger at the mention of the restoration of the constitution and dismissed the delegates from his presence. The British and Russian ministers, who have been engaged in an attempt to influence the shah to restore the constitution, are now expected to bring stronger pressure to bear in this direction. The financial crisis, together with the long unpaid arrears in the salaries of the government officials and the army also is likely to aid the constitutional agitation.

Mr. A. J. Pellens is pleased to announce to his customers that he has secured the agency for Zemo, the best known remedy for the positive and permanent cure of Eczema, Pimples, Dandruff, Blackheads, Piles and every form of skin or scalp disease. Zemo gives instant relief and cures by destroying the germ that causes the disease, leaving a nice clear healthy skin. See display and photos of cures made by Zemo.

BOB:
Just made some splendid biscuits—Gold Medal Flour. BETTY.

WEDDING INVITATIONS

Fashionably Engraved.

YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO PLACE YOUR ORDER WHERE CHEAPNESS OF PRODUCTION IS THE THING STRIVEN FOR, RATHER THAN THE QUIET ELEGANCE AND STRICT ADHERENCE TO CORRECT SOCIAL FORM WHICH CHARACTERIZES OUR WORK.

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TELEPHONE WAR REACHES CRISIS

The Bell Enjoined From Molesting Independents.

ACTION TAKEN AT CLEVELAND

In Suit Brought by Independent Long-Distance Company Operating in Ohio Federal Court Was Asked to Grant an Injunction Covering the Operations of the Bell Company in Ohio, Indiana and Illinois Insofar as These Operations Affect the Plaintiff Company, Under Provisions of Anti-Trust Law.

Cleveland, O., Nov. 23.—United States Judge Taylor has granted an injunction against the American Telephone and Telegraph company (Bell long-distance system), and the Central Union Telephone company (Bell company operating in Ohio, Indiana and Illinois) restraining them from interfering with the business of the independent companies operating in those and adjoining states.

The injunction was granted at Cleveland upon the application of Clarence Brown, general counsel, and Jas. S. Brailey, jr., president of the United States Telephone company, which is the independent long distance telephone company operating in Ohio and adjoining states, in a suit brought by that company.

It is charged that the Bell is pursuing the policy of buying independent exchanges or selling Bell exchanges, where there are competing companies, and in some instances absorbing independent companies by merger and consolidation, or division of territory so as to eliminate competition and establish a complete Bell control. This is said to be in violation not only of the Sherman anti-trust law, but also of the laws of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and other states in which the companies operate. This policy is said to be shown by the official reports of the officers and directors of the Bell company, to their stockholders.

The bill also charges that instead of using their enormous profits to develop the business, they used them in paying exorbitant dividends, and in acquiring control of competitive properties in order to suppress competition. They are charged with issuing many times the original cost of the stock in stock dividends, and paying at times 18 per cent a year in dividends.

It is shown that they can control in many local telephone companies and companies manufacturing telephone apparâtus. In 1903 they attempted to purchase control of the Kellogg Switchboard and Supply company of Chicago, and later of the United States Independent Telephone company of Rochester, N. Y., and the Stromberg Carlson Telephone Manufacturing company of Rochester. Suits were brought in Illinois and New York to prevent these consolidations, as being in violation of the anti-trust laws of those states. In both cases the Bell companies were defeated.

It is charged that when competition began the Bell companies adopted the policy of starting competing exchanges and operated them at runious rates, in many instances giving free service; bringing suits on patent claims; threatening independent companies with financial ruin and of destruction of their plants. It is said that in some instances the independent companies were driven out of business and their equipment burned in public.

President's Thanksgiving Turkey.

Westerly, R. I., Nov. 23.—The Rhode Island turkey which Horace Vose will send to the president, according to his annual custom, to grace the table of the White House on Thanksgiving day, went on the execution block Sunday and was shipped to Washington today. It is the best of a lot of chestnut-fed birds which have been selected and specially reared as candidates for the distinction. The bird weighs twenty-six pounds. President Grant was the first occupant of the White House to receive a Thanksgiving turkey from the Vose flock, and each year since then the gift has been renewed.

Trouble in Hayti.

Port-au-Prince, Hayti, Nov. 23.—General Antoine Simon, commander of the South for twenty years, having refused to comply with the recent request of President Nord Alexis to come to Port-au-Prince and confer with the president on the political situation, has been declared a rebel. The revolutionary movement appears to be serious, as General Simon is in the possession of arms and ammunition. Communication with the south is interrupted. The government is sending there by land and sea a large number of troops.

Ohio Taking Precautions.

Columbus, Ohio, Nov. 23.—If a report made by Dr. Paul Fisher, state veterinarian, who went to Buffalo to investigate the foot and mouth disease epidemic, justifies it, it is believed the state board of agriculture will order a quarantine. A special meeting of the board has been called for Wednesday evening.

A Paying Investment.

Mr. John White, of 36 Highland Ave.' Houlton Main says: "I have been troubled with a cough every winter and spring. Last winter I tried many advertised medicines, but the cough continued until I bought a 50c. bottle of Dr. Kings New Discovery, before that was half gone the cough was all gone. This winter the same happy result has followed: a few doses once more banished the annual cough. I am now convinced that Dr. King's New Discovery is the best of all cough and lung remedies." Sold under guarantee at W. F. Peters drug store. 50c. and $1.00 a bottle Trial bottle free.

Carnegie's Position on Tariff.

New York, Nov. 23.—A notable article from Andrew Carnegie, dealing with the tariff, will appear in the forthcoming number of an Eastern magazine, in which the iron master takes the position that "infant industries" no longer need protection; that the steel and other industries have now grown beyond the need of tariff protection; that duties on luxuries used by the rich should be maintained, but that those on manufactured articles should be reduced greatly or abolished entirely, when no longer needed.

How to Get Strong.

P. J. Daly, of 1247 W. Congress St. Chicago tells of a way to become strong: He says; "My mother who is old and was very feeble, is deriving so much benefit from Electric Bitters. that I feel it's my duty to tell those who need a tonic and strengthening medicine about it. In my mothers case a marked gain in flesh has resulted insomnia has been overcome, and she is steadily growing stronger. Electric bitters quickly remedy stomach liver and kidney complaints. Sold under guarantee at W. F. Peters drug store. 50c.

Bank Robbers in Missouri.

Sedalia, Mo., Nov. 23.—The bank of Sweet Springs at Sweet Springs, Saline county, Missouri, was robbed of $5,500 in currency at 3 o'clock Sunday morning by professional cracksmen, who blew open the vault with dynamite. The bank building was wrecked. Three men supposed to be the robbers were seen going east afoot soon after the noise of the explosion aroused the town.

How to Cure Skin Diseases.

The germ and their poisons must be drawn to the surface of the skin and destroyed. Zemo will do this and cure any case of skin or scalp disease no matter from what cause of of how long standing. Write for sample. E. W. Rose Med. Co., St. Louis, Mo. See photos of cures in window or showcase display at A. J Pellens drug store.

Arrival of Former Queen.

San Francisco, Nov. 23.—Former Queen Lilioukalani of Hawaii was a passenger on the Pacific Mail liner Mongolia, which arrived here Sunday from the Orient via Honolulu. Not half a dozen passengers on the steamer were aware that the frail old lady, plainly attired and accompanied by one maid, was the famous former queen. She is en route to Washington.

An Article of Great Merit.

Zemo has stood the test of time and is now recognized the best known remedy for the positive and permanent cure of Eczema, Pimples, Dandruff, Piles, Cuts, Scalds and Sores.. An honest medicine that makes honest cures. For sale by A. J. Pellens.

Only One Dissenting Vote.

Denver, Col., Nov. 23.—Samuel Gompers was re-elected, with only one dissenting vote, president of the American Federation of Labor. John Mitchell was elected second vice president and William D. Huber of Indianapolis, Ind, sixth vice president. Toronto, Canada, was chosen for next year's meeting.

A Sure-Enough Knocker.

J C. Goodwin of Reidsville, N. C. says; "Bucklen's Arnica Salve is a sure enough knocker for ulcers. A bad one came on my leg last summer, but that wonderful salve knocked it out in a few rounds. Not even a scar remained." Guaranteed for piles sores, burns ect. 25c. at W. F. Peters drug store.

Serbs and Austrians Clash.

Vienna, Nov. 23.—A band of Servians, while crossing the Bosnian frontier near Zvornik, was repulsed by Austrian troops. The Servians lost seventeen men killed and the Austrians three killed.

They Take the Kinks out

"I have used Dr. King's New Life Pills for many years, with increasing satisfaction. They take the kinks out of stomach, liver and bowels without fuss or friction', says N. H. Brown of Pittsburg, Vt. Guaranteed satisfaction at W. F. Peters drug store 25c.

Professcrship for Mme. Curie.

Paris, Nov. 23.—Mme. Curie, who jointly with her husband, the late Prof. Curie, discovered radium, has been appointed professor of physics in the faculty of science, Paris university.

The Heiress—But they tell me you are embarrassed by debts? The Suitor—Don't you believe it. But doubtless my creditors are.

BELLE GUNNESS ALIVE AND WELL

This Is the Word Brought by Mysterious Letter.

WOMAN'S COMPANION WRITES

Individual Who Declares It Was He Who Accompanied Mrs. Gunness on Night She Is Alleged to Have Been Seen at Ruins of Her Home, Says His Conscience Cannot Endure to See an Innocent Man on Trial for a Crime of Which He Says the Arch Murderess Herself Is Guilty.

Laporte, Ind., Nov. 23.—Attorney Worden, who is defending Ray Lamphere, now on trial for the murder of Mrs. Belle Gunness and her children, has made public a letter which he declares was received Sunday by special delivery by his law partner, Mayor Lemuel Darrow. The writer, whose full name and address is withheld by Mr. Worden, says that Mrs. Gunness is alive and that he was the man who accompanied her to the Gunness farm on July 9, the date on which D. M. Hutson and daughters say they saw Mrs. Gunness and a man drive away in a buggy. The letter follows:

"Chicago, Nov. 21, 1908.

"Lemuel Darrow, mayor, Laporte, Ind.

"Dear Sir—I hope you will see that this letter gets into the right hands so that it will help the poor innocent man, Lamphere, that they have on trial for burning Mrs. Gunness's house and herself and children.

"Mrs. Gunness set fire to the house and was twenty miles away when it took fire. She had a slow match going, and the house was saturated with coal-oil. She poisoned the children before hand. The body with no head was one of her victims whom she killed some ten days previous. She cut off the head so people would think it was her. The arm was cut off at the same time. The head was buried on the place, as all of the body would have been, but before she had time to do the job she was afraid of being found out. So she made up her mind to cover up all of her work. The children would have been a burden to her to get away.

"The man and woman and two children did see Mrs. Gunness and myself on the ninth of last July. We were there at the house to get some valuables she had hid on the premises. Mrs. Gunness was afraid of Lamphere and would have killed him in less than two weeks if she had remained there. It was getting pretty hot for her, so she had to get out.

"Mrs. Gunness is alive and well. I got a letter from her no more than five days ago, and she hoped Lamphere would get hung or a life sentence, but I could not think of him, an innocent man, being so treated.

"Now I tell you again, Lamphere is innocent and should be acquitted at once. Hoping that you will see that this letter will do him some good, I remain, Yours for justice,

"L. O. M."

Mr. Worden said that he had been trying to reach the writer by telephone in order to have him come to Laporte to testify, but so far had failed to find him. Dr. Walter S. Haines, a Chicago toxicologist, is expected to go on the stand today to testify to the finding of strychnine and arsenic in the stomachs of Helgelein and of the fire victims.

MORE PAY FOR LAW-MAKERS

Indiana Representative-Elect to Introduce Bill to This End.

Indianapolis, Ind., November 23.—Edward H. McKennon, representative-elect from Dekalb county, says he will introduce a bill in the coming session of the legislature to increase the pay of its members. A dispatch from Auburn quotes him as saying: "The present pay of members of the legislature and their mileage is not enough. I believe the cost of living in Indianapolis and the expense that a candidate incurs in a campaign prevents a member from breaking even at the end of the session. I shall introduce a bill looking to an increase in the pay. Of course, it will not inure to my benefit, even if it passed, for it would only apply to members of future sessions. Nevertheless, it is a matter of justice, and I think such a bill should be passed."

Contractors Delayed.

Indianapolis, Nov. 23.—At a meeting of the Vicksburg monument commission, held in the office of Governor Hanly, it was decided to change the date of the dedication of the monument from Dec. 8 to Dec. 28. The change is on account of the unfinished condition of the shaft, the contractors having been delayed in their work.

Used Oil to Start Fire.

Locust Corner, O., Nov. 23.—An explosion of coal oil which was used in starting a fire caused the death of Alberta Bradbury, aged fifteen years, fatally burned Mrs. Emerick Carvin, and slightly injured two small children, aged ten and five.

S.S.S. THE ONLY REMEDY FOR BLOOD POISON

S. S. S. is the one and only reliable and certain cure for Contagious Blood Poison. This claim is not based on the treatment of a few cases of the disease, here and there, but its success extends over a period of more than forty years, during which time thousands upon thousands have found a cure by the use of this great vegetable remedy. S. S. S. is first of all, an absolutely perfect blood purifier, able to go down into the blood and remove every particle of the virus of Contagious Blood Poison. It cleanses and purifies the circulation, and in this way removes the cause of the trouble. Then nature, assisted by a rich, healthy blood supply, quickly renovates and renews the system, while the symptoms of ulcerated mouth and throat, skin eruptions, discolored splotches, falling hair, sores and ulcers, etc., disappear, leaving the body entirely free from the effects of this insidious poison. When S. S. S. has thoroughly cleansed and purified the circulation there is no danger of any future outbreak—the blood is pure and the cause of the disease entirely removed. Home Treatment Book containing many valuable and helpful suggestions for those who are curing themselves with S. S. S., and any medical advice desired sent free to all who write.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

WOMEN LOSE POWER

Chinese Will Take No More Chances on Petticoat Domination.

Pekin, Nov. 23.—Prince Chun's recent edict, in which he declined to permit any interference from the Dowager Empress Yehonala, has cleared the throne from any possible domination of the clan of women, at least until the new emperor, Prince Pu Yi, assumes power. This edict, which ordered all imperial clansmen to give a greater degree of obedience to the regent than others and which threatened disobeying princes and officials with severe punishment, indicates the government's recognition of the present opportunity for a palace housecleaning.

While all is quiet at Pekin, detachments of troops guard the city gates and gendarmes are on duty at the approaches to the foreign legations. The government has not ceased to take precautionary measures, lest something in the nature of an outbreak happens here, for revolutionists are spreading all kinds of reports, which might act like firebrands to the spirit of uneasiness underlying present conditions in China. Stringent measures have been take nto suppress any sign of conspiracy and the government has ordered an investigation of the governor of Ngan-Hwei province, on account of a slight uprising that took place there. Two Pekin newspapers have been fined, and one has been suppressed for publishing details of the illness and death of the emperor and the dowager empress.

The authorities at Valparaiso, Chile, are making arrangements for the reception of the American Pacific fleet.

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Experience is a great factor in the successful treatment of chronic disease. I have devoted over twenty years to the practice and study of my specialties.

If you are suffering from any chronic disease come and see me, let me tell you what your trouble is and what I can do for you.

I have cured thousands who have been pronounced incurable, and will cure you.

I CURE Blood Poison, Nervous Debility or Decline, Varicocele, Hydrocele, Rupture, Piles, Catarrh, Indigestion, Lung and Heart troubles, Disease of the Kidneys, Bladder and Prostate. Female Complaints.

A CERTAIN CURE is what I will give you beyond a doubt if your case is curable, if not I will not accept your case.

There is no patch work in my specialties, I do just what I say and tell you just what I can do.

Office. 10½ North Chestnut Street, SEYMOUR, INDIANA.

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Break your backs lifting heavy stoves. Get you a set of Gem Ball Bearing Stove Castors at

W. A. Carter & Son,

Opposite Interurban Station.

Building Material

For the Best at the Lowest Price Delivered on Short Notice, See

Travis Carter Co.

Gift Time and Watch Thoughts

A watch for Christmas! Some one in your family circle has expressed this preference—why not look them over now.

In the line of gifts, no gift so closely, so thoroughly entwines itself into our daily lives, nothing so greatly creates recurring thoughts of the giver, no gift so heartily appreciated

We have them all, Good Watches and Better Watches, Walthams, Elgins, Illinois and the best watches of the better sort, THE GRUEN PRECISION AND GRUEN VERITHIN for men and women.

The "GRUEN" built for generations of exacting service, cased in a most beautiful assortment of distinctive, high class, artistic cases.

"IT'S THE WATCH FOR YOU."

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